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29 SEPTEMBER, 1894

The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF
THE CHRISTIAN UNION

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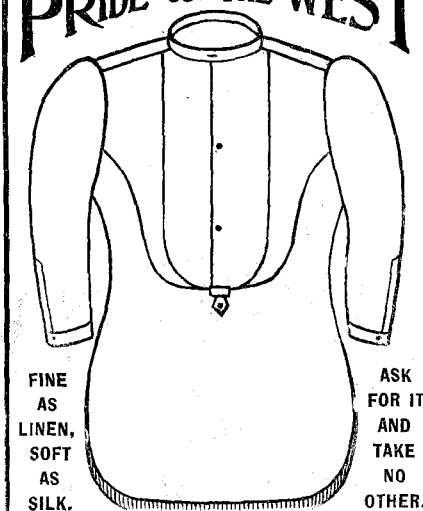
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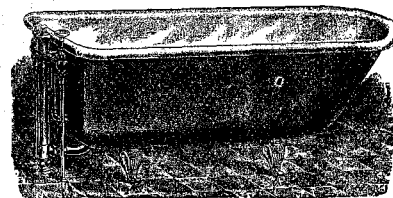
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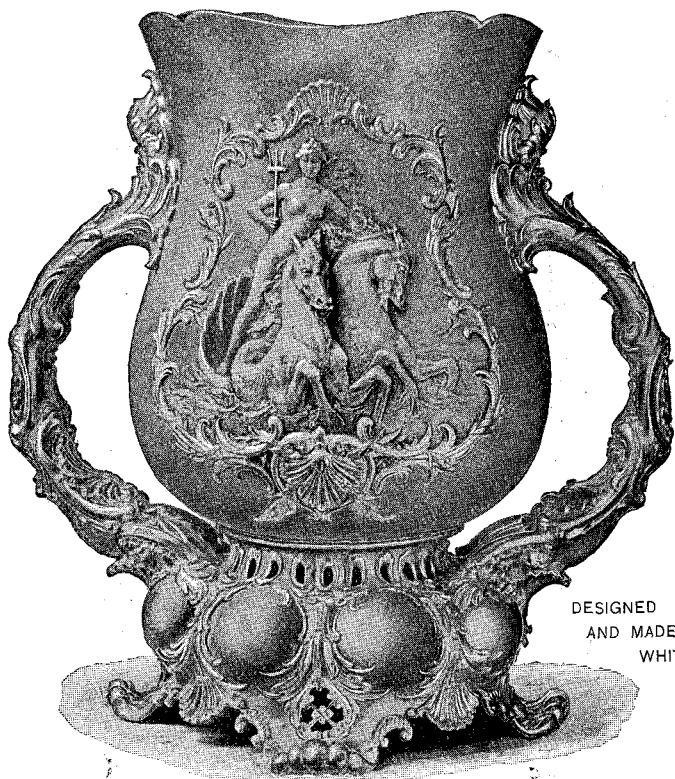


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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50

For Week ending 29 September, 1894

Number 13



THE Louisiana sugar-planters held their convention last week, and voted to go over bodily to the Republican party, on the ground that protection is necessary to the sugar industry of Louisiana, and can be found only through that party. According to the New York "Sun" there were eight hundred persons present, all of them men of political influence; they represented two-thirds of the sugar industry of the State; and among them were a number of heretofore prominent and influential Democrats. This is the most hopeful sign we have seen in Southern politics since the war. It is perfectly certain that these planters will endeavor to secure the negro vote, and equally sure that their opponents will endeavor to secure a counteracting negro vote. This movement is the entering of a wedge which promises to break up the "solid South" and to give us party divisions not formed on race and color lines. We may repeat what we have said before, that those in the South who believe in tariffs or bounties for the purpose of protecting or promoting American industries belong in the Republican party, and honor requires that they should identify themselves with that party and work openly and aboveboard for its political principles.

The American Protective Association, popularly known as the A. P. A., appears to be pursuing a course analogous both in its methods and in its immediate results with that of the Know-Nothing movement. The A. P. A. is a secret society, and its political strength is disclosed only when an election takes place. Its object is to neutralize Roman Catholic influence in politics, and it is both affirmed and denied by those who ought to know that its secret pledges require its members in no case to vote for a Roman Catholic for public office. However this may be, it unquestionably makes the sectarian and the political line of division identical. In such a case assault provokes counter-assault. So we have in St. Louis a School Board the majority of whose members belong to the A. P. A., while the Police Board has recently retired a police captain because he is a member of the A. P. A., and promoted a Roman Catholic in his place. If we may trust the Springfield "Republican," the A. P. A. has elected Mr. Barrett to the Republican State Convention against the vigorous endeavors of Senator Lodge, and is working assiduously, though secretly, to determine the Republican nomination for Governor. If we may trust the "Sun," the Republican managers in Connecticut are dreading the voting power of the A. P. A. in the next State and town elections, and are endeavoring to make local alliances with them. In our judgment, this movement will not secure the following which was secured by the Know-Nothing movement, and will not exert an influence even as long-lived as the transient influence of Know-Nothingism. Where the Roman Catholic hierarchy are exerting a pernicious influence in politics, as in some localities they

may be doing, the remedy lies, not in an anti-Roman Catholic movement, but in an anti-sectarian movement, in which the co-operation of patriotic American Catholics could be secured. Meanwhile a certain section of the Roman Catholic Church, by endeavoring to band together the Germans in an effort to preserve the German language and exclude American influences from Roman Catholic schools and churches, is doing all that it can to promote the A. P. A. movement; and Monsignor Satolli, by apparently lending his approval to this un-American effort, is in danger of giving aid and comfort to the organized enemies of the Roman Catholic Church in America.

In our judgment, the Constitutional Convention of this State might have gone further than it has gone in providing home rule for the cities of the State. It is true that we are not yet wise enough to draw sharply the line between municipal and State authority, and it is also true that the Convention should be slow in limiting the powers of the legislatures even over the great cities, but it would seem that there are some matters so purely municipal that the Constitution might properly have left them under the exclusive control of the people of the municipality. However, the very conservative provision which the Convention has adopted will at least operate to prevent such gross outrages on the city as that which was perpetrated last year on Buffalo at the dictation of Mr. Sheehan. The clause adopted requires that all special legislation respecting any city or class of cities—the cities being divided into three classes, according to their population—must be transmitted to the Mayor of such city or cities, and if not approved within fifteen days must be again passed upon by both branches of the Legislature. Thus the Mayor, or in some cases the Mayor and legislative body of the city acting concurrently, is given a quasi-veto power over all special legislation affecting the municipality, except that the Legislature may overrule the veto by a mere majority vote. The effect of this amendment will be to give time for public agitation respecting all measures affecting any city; and, while public agitation is by no means a perfect protection, experience has demonstrated that is a great safeguard. The amendment is not all that radical believers in home rule might well desire, but it is at least good as far as it goes.

Much better work was done by the Convention with respect to gambling. The clause of the present Constitution forbidding the sale of lottery tickets was supplemented by the prohibition of "pool-selling, book-making, or any other kind of gambling." The adoption of a Constitution containing this clause will wipe out from the statute-book the Ives pool law that now disgraces it. Opponents of the amendment attempted to impugn the motives of Mr. Tekulsky (the President of the State Liquor-Dealers' Association), who had so earnestly championed it. Mr. Tekulsky won the respect of the Convention by good-

humoredly avoiding the personal issue and keeping before the Convention the one question whether gambling should be prohibited. President Choate moved to strike from the amendment the clause "or any other kind of gambling," on the ground that such a provision would put a stop to church-fair raffles, and games for small stakes in private houses and clubs. Mr. Veeder, of Brooklyn, promptly condemned this proposition, on the ground that petty gambling was not less corrupting when carried on even in churches, and the Convention adopted the amendment unchanged, with but four dissenting votes.

The committee of the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin, appointed to investigate the charges brought by Mr. Wells, late Superintendent of Education of that State, have made a report completely exonerating Professor Ely from all of the charges preferred against him. In their report they take up one after another of the specific accusations, such as that of aiding strikes and threatening to take away his printing from an establishment if the proprietor did not make it a union office, and declare them proved false. They do not merely say that these accusations are not proved true; they affirmatively state that they find them untrue. They next take up the charges against Dr. Ely's teachings, and are equally explicit in affirming these groundless. "We have been unable," says the report, "to find any teachings or practice of Dr. Ely justifying attacks upon life or property; but we do find that he has repeatedly and in the strongest language admonished against both." Finally, the Board, in accepting and adopting this report—and both the action of the committee and the action of the Board are apparently unanimous—expresses, as *The Outlook* did when Mr. Wells's attack was first published in the New York "Evening Post," its disapproval of the course of Mr. Wells "in publishing his attack upon Dr. Ely, of the University, in the New York papers, instead of submitting his charges or criticisms, if any, in proper form, to the President of the University or of this Board." We desire to emphasize this disapproval. By his course Mr. Wells has done Dr. Ely an irreparable injury. Many who read the original charges will never read the report of the investigating committee; and, unhappily, many who read both carelessly will have left on their mind at the end of a year, in spite of the explicit character of the report and the complete vindication of Dr. Ely, nothing but a vague impression that charges of being an incendiary character and teacher were preferred against him, and that "where there is smoke there must be fire." In fact, the personal charges against Dr. Ely appear to have been based wholly on street rumors, which the most cursory examination proved to be wholly baseless, and the charges of heresy in teaching to be based almost entirely on second-hand reports, which on examination of his printed utterances at once proved equally false.

The truth is that probably no teacher in the United States, either in press, pulpit, or professor's chair, has done more to counteract incendiary teaching than Professor Ely. He has studied the incendiary writers and acquainted himself with their doctrines and purposes. Several years before Anarchism became the dangerous force it is to-day in Chicago, he published in *The Outlook* a series of papers telling the country what the Anarchists were doing, and pointing out the inevitable danger of suffering their incendiary teachings to pass unnoticed; and this was, we believe, the first attempt to bring their hitherto unknown schemes before the public. He has

studied labor organizations and Socialistic teachings at first hand, has not condemned them without inquiry, has discriminated between the true and the false, the just and the unjust, and has counteracted the dangerous heresy by the only safe and permanent method—a discriminating recognition of what is true in the teaching. The difficulty with such critics as Mr. Wells is that they do not distinguish between grammar-school and university instruction. If boys of twelve or fourteen are to be taught anything about Socialism, they probably ought to be guarded against its more seductive and plausible errors. But the office of a university is to tell young men what Socialism is, as taught by its advocates, to present to them the strongest possible arguments for it, and to train them to examine it for themselves and form their own judgments as to its truth or falsehood. What the committee on Professor Ely's case say on this subject might well be repeated and applied to every branch of study, including theology, in every higher institution in the land: "We cannot for a moment believe that knowledge has reached its final goal, or that the present condition of society is perfect. We must, therefore, welcome from our teachers such discussions as shall suggest the means and prepare the way by which knowledge may be extended, present evils may be removed, and others prevented." Unconsciously Mr. Wells has rendered the cause of education a valuable service in giving to such a body as the Board of Regents of Wisconsin an occasion for so admirable a defense of the liberty of teachers and teaching.

Dr. Parkhurst, having returned from his summer vacation, brings back with him an immense amount of energy and enthusiasm for righteousness, and is at once, naturally, at the front in the campaign against municipal corruption and misrule. He may be said, indeed, to occupy the skirmish line. In a public speech last week he declared that he would rather vote for Mr. Gilroy for Mayor than for a man who would not give assurance that he will throw himself wholly into the concerted movement for the best interests of the municipality. In this we believe he is thoroughly right. What is wanted in all our great cities, pre-eminently just now in New York, is not merely a good man for Mayor, but an uprising and a combination of all good men for the purpose of a war of extermination against corruption in all its forms. Dr. Parkhurst is vigorous in his denunciation of Superintendent Byrnes's quasi-apology for the police, namely, that the social evil has always existed and will continue to exist, and would be worse if disreputable women are driven into the tenement-houses than if they are permitted by the police to maintain separate houses of vice. Dr. Parkhurst's reply to this is quite conclusive. It is the business of the police to execute laws, not to make them, and the present campaign is not one against houses of vice, but against a police department which receives pay from houses of vice for permitting their continuance when it is paid by the community to close them. One may perhaps question the wisdom of taking this time to make an attack upon a practice, now common in this city, of demanding a political assessment from the judges as a compensation for nomination, but Dr. Parkhurst has apparently weighed his words well in condemning this system, and the condemnation is entirely justified. "It is impossible for such a man to sit on the bench and distribute justice impartially; he mortgages himself to the interests of the party to which he contributes. I don't say that he intends to be dishonest, but sitting on a bench that one has purchased renders it impossible for him to hold the scales even in the interest of the party to which he is indebted."

That, despite this system, some thoroughly honest, high-minded, and impartial judges have been put upon the bench is, we believe, true; but the fact is not due to the system but is in spite of it, and we believe that the judges themselves will be first to thank the reformer who arouses the conscience of the community against that system.

Attention has before this been called to the enlightened laws in New Jersey, where a community sufficiently civilized to require good common roads can secure them either by State aid or by issuing county bonds. The most recent instance of road-making activity is in Morris County of that State. It has been decided by the freeholders that \$350,000 in county bonds be sold, and the money spent for road improvement; according to the law that townships must raise half as much as the county, the total amount to be spent will be \$525,000. This sum will enable the engineers to relocate, grade, and macadamize at least one hundred miles of country road, and will secure to the people highways with a maximum grade of four feet rise in one hundred feet of length, whereas ten feet and even twelve feet rise in a like distance is no uncommon thing at present. The opposition to the project was long and bitter, and even now has not been abandoned by some citizens who do not realize the practical value and importance of good roads. But the opposition will not avail, as the rank and file of the people have been educated on the subject, and know how grievous is the tax that bad roads impose upon industry and thrift. Road-improvers all over the country should feel encouragement that this action has been taken in Morris County, which three years ago seemed the most unpromising field in the world; for the people at large were really content with the wretched highways laid out for them in haphazard fashion by their great-grandfathers.



Admiral Ting

land fortifications, such as the passing of the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi, but no such important general engagement as this between large opposing fleets at sea. The latest accounts of the Yulu River battle state that eleven Japanese war-ships were led against fourteen Chinese vessels and six torpedo-boats. The Chinese fleet, under Admiral Ting, who was wounded in the fight, was engaged in the conveying of troop-laden transports when the alert Japanese fleet discovered the enemy and at once began a fierce attack. The Chinese Admiral appears to have stood on the defensive throughout. The fight lasted only about six hours, and in that short time three of the Chinese ships were sunk, two were set on fire (one, the flagship, Ting Yuen, being a vessel of 7,280 tons), and several others were seriously damaged. The Japanese lost no vessels, though their flagship, the Matusima, was so injured as to be useless for some time, and two other ships were damaged pretty seriously. In the end the few Chinese vessels which could still be navigated escaped, and it is

probable that some or all of the transports have reached a friendly port. It is true that the reports which we have just summarized are from Japanese sources, but the Chinese dispatches now admit the seriousness of their losses, and their claims as to Japanese losses are not sustained by details or names. It is only fair to add, also, that, so far, in this war the dispatches sent out by Japan have from the beginning been much less colored by partisan feeling than those coming from Shanghai. The Japanese put their own losses at thirty killed and one hundred and sixty wounded. No reliable statement as to the number of Chinese killed and wounded has been made. The victory of Japan at sea is hardly less decisive than her military success at Ping Yang.



Marshal Yamagata

Naval critics the world over naturally regard with most intense interest this, the first great naval combat under modern conditions. When the details are more fully known, they cannot fail to be instructive to technical students of naval architecture and strategy. The one great fact that is clear is that, in a fight between heavily armored ships carrying guns of great weight, there is still ample room for the display of seamanship, personal courage, and tactical skill. It is not all a mere question of who can do the "heaviest pounding." The Japanese won by superior maneuvering, by superior discipline, and by superior fighting qualities all around. Speed was shown to be more necessary than weight. Both at sea and on land the Japanese have shown a power of combining effectively which has been quite wanting among the Chinese generals and admirals. The Japanese have always been on the aggressive; their attacks have been sudden and well planned, and have been made successful by thorough discipline and personal courage on the part of officers and men. Marshal Yamagata, the Japanese Commander-in-Chief, whose portrait we give herewith, has been called the Moltke of Japan; he has risen from a humble origin through sheer ability to the head of the army, and is not only well trained in all the European arts of war, but appears to have positive military genius. The indications are that he is pushing a column north from Ping Yang with a view of capturing the Chinese city of Mukden, the ancestral city of the Emperor. Its capture would have a most depressing moral effect on the Chinese, and it is quite probable that it might be followed by a revolution against the present dynasty. It is reported that Japan has ordered 80,000 more troops to start at once for the front. The possibility even of an attack on Peking is seriously discussed; the Japanese already have a footing in the Gulf of Pichili near the great Chinese fortresses at Port Arthur and Wei Hai Wei, and if they can subdue either fort the distance to Peking is not great. To most observers, however, it would seem Japan's best policy to thoroughly master Korea and then to hold her own. Rumors of Russian intervention have again been in currency, but so far no positive action has been taken by any of the Powers. The position of the English press has become far more friendly to Japan, and praise of her prowess is not stinted. One paper declares that "the victory of Ping Yang involves a change in the balance of power in the East;" another, that "it is difficult to see how China can recover from the blow [at

Ping Yang], which reveals the essential weakness of her military equipment and administration."

The cable announces that Mr. Gladstone has created no little political excitement by a letter addressed to the Bishop of Chester on the temperance question. In this letter he declares himself radically opposed to local option, and maintains that the principle of the Gothenburg system is the only one at all tenable. Under the Gothenburg system the liquor traffic is continued, but it is carried on by the Government in such a way as to prevent private profit from it. Under the local option system, as proposed in England, any given locality can prohibit the liquor traffic altogether by a two-thirds majority. The letter is the more significant and has produced a greater excitement because previous action of the Liberal party had committed it to the local option principle. But Mr. Gladstone is now a free-lance, and has certainly a political right to take whatever position he pleases on any public question, quite irrespective of the platform of the Liberal party. It adds to the interest of this declaration from Mr. Gladstone that in it he distinctively commends Mr. Chamberlain's support of the Gothenburg system, and in a way allies himself on this subject with his former friend, but more lately most vigorous political enemy.

The last quarter of a century has seen some astonishing transformations, but it has seen nothing more astonishing than an infallible Pope who is a pronounced Liberal, and an autocratic Emperor with progressive, not to say Socialist, tendencies. The recent speech of the German Emperor at Königsberg, like many other speeches from the same source, has set all Europe talking. It was in effect a repetition of the Emperor's familiar doctrine that he is the State, but it was an application of that doctrine in the interest of progressive politics and against retrogressive influences. It was a sharp rebuke of the Prussian nobles for their failure to support the Emperor. "I am," he said in effect, "your natural leader, the greatest landholder of you all; I have a right to decide what your policy ought to be, and it is your duty to accept and implicitly follow my lead." It was a declaration not only of absolutism and of the divine right, but also of infallibility. As such the German Liberals could find little comfort in it, but as politicians they are not above welcoming autocratic support to their programme. A democratic Emperor may become troublesome in time, but for the moment he is eminently useful, especially when he is, as in this case, the greatest political force in the country. And in this instance he is right; Germany needs cheaper food, but the great Prussian landowners are loaded with mortgages and resist the fall of prices brought about by reduction of tariff on food products.

One of the most significant tendencies of the day in politics is that which is rapidly modifying the extreme individualism with which Liberal parties in almost every country have been hitherto so closely allied. In this country both the old parties are moving away from the individualistic platform, and the Populists have almost wholly deserted it. In England the tendency of late years among Liberals has been not only toward collectivism in some form, but even toward Socialism; and now this same tendency is manifesting itself in the Liberal Popular party in Germany, the real center and leader of the Liberal group in that country. This party has been, like Liberal parties in other countries, strongly committed to individualism in politics and economics. It has believed in the doctrine of *laissez-faire* as

thoroughly as any party in a country with the political antecedents of Germany could. But now, following the general tendencies among Liberals everywhere, the German Liberals are advocating compulsory insurance for workmen on a large scale, the shortening of the hours of work for all employees of the State, and the fixing of a minimum wage. This demand with regard to State employees means much more in Germany than it would mean in this country, because it must be remembered that in that country the railroads are in large measure State property, and many of the mines are under the control of the State and worked by it. The political part of the party programme demands ministerial responsibility to Parliament, the right of free combination, the determination of the peace footing of the army by the annual vote of the Reichstag, and the liability of the State in cases of unjustified arrest. The party is also committed to an endeavor to increase peasant proprietorship by a change in the game laws and land laws.

Returns from the Bulgarian general election held this month have not yet been received, but the general feeling points to a popular confirmation of Prince Ferdinand's dismissal of M. Stambuloff. When that dismissal took place, there was a very widespread apprehension that serious trouble would follow; but, while M. Stambuloff's great abilities and energetic patriotism have been widely recognized, his arbitrary methods apparently made him so many enemies that when he went out of power, in spite of his great services, there were few to do him honor. It was also feared at that time that the retirement of the aggressive Prime Minister meant a reconciliation with Russia on terms which would lessen the independence of Bulgaria; but the new Premier, in a speech recently delivered at Varna, in which he announced the programme of the administration, declared that reconciliation with Russia would never be purchased at the cost of Bulgaria's independence. Nothing would be done, he said, to antagonize Russia or to increase the animosity which has long been felt in that country against the Balkan principality, but, on the other hand, no attempt would be made to buy the good will of Russia at a price which Bulgaria could not pay without loss of honor. The Prime Minister declared that the foreign policy of the country would rest in the future, as in the past, upon thoroughly friendly relations with Turkey, and that every endeavor would be made to accelerate the remarkable progress which Bulgaria has made of late years in the development of its resources and the consolidation of its political interests and aims.

At the recent meeting of the American Bar Association at Saratoga, Mr. Edmund Wetmore, of this city, who is one of the best-known patent lawyers in the country, read a paper on "Legal Education in the United States" which might be perused with profit outside of the legal profession as well as in it. Among other suggestions as to primary education, courses of study, examinations, etc., Mr. Wetmore made the following sound and practical suggestion concerning legal ethics:

"Closely allied to the study of the principles upon which the law rests is the question of legal ethics. The influences that make not only a capable but an honest and honorable lawyer are derived primarily from individual disposition and character, from home training, from the standard of right and wrong that prevails in the bar and in the community in which he lives; but of such paramount importance is it, not only to lawyers themselves, but to the State and to society, that a high standard of professional conduct and character should be maintained, that I believe that every law course would be improved that should include a brief series of lectures from those whose own lives and character entitle them to speak with authority, the object

of which should be to impress upon the young men entering the profession that the highest requirement of a legal education is to make a practitioner whose word is as sacred as an oath, and who would no more seek to impose upon a court, to bring a questionable suit, or to seek success by resort to other influences than evidence and argument, than he would enter the court-room to ply the trade of a pick-pocket. If in every college there is a chair of moral philosophy, I can see no reason why there should not in every law school be a chair of legal ethics."

At a time when some of the machinery of the law in this city is working with considerable friction and creaking—when not only police uniforms have been smeared, but a few spots have splashed upon judicial ermine—it is cheering to find a lawyer of such influential standing as Mr. Wetmore taking this ground.

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GENERAL NEWS.—The New York Republican Convention at Saratoga last week unanimously nominated the Hon. Levi P. Morton as candidate for Governor.—The platform adopted by the Ohio Democrats last week favors the unlimited free coinage of silver at the legal ratio of 16 to 1, with the legal-tender power.—Dr. Rafael Nuñez, President of the Republic of Colombia, died on September 18, at the age of sixty-nine; Dr. Nuñez was elected President for the first time in 1879, and has held the position ever since, with the exception of the year 1882 to 1883; he was a man of excellent education, and had traveled and studied widely in Europe and the United States.—Madame Fursch-Madi, the famous dramatic soprano singer, died at Mount Bethel, N. J., on Friday of last week, at the age of forty-six years; Madame Fursch-Madi was chosen personally by Verdi, the composer, to create the title rôle of "Aida" on its first production at Brussels, but her fame has perhaps been greatest as a singer of the first rôles in Wagner's great operas.—The Czar of Russia is still ill, and it is feared that he is suffering from a severe and dangerous malady.—The Dutch have the past week attained some military success in Lombok, having captured three forts and driven the native forces back.—The Parliament of Belgium was dissolved last week.



Hints for Culture

In an editorial in The Outlook on "Culture and Life" these words were written:

"The world is full of men who are atrophied on every side except that through which they are gaining their daily bread—men who have sacrificed to immediate success about everything that makes life worth living. The immediate practical value of culture is that it adjusts the man not only to his business but to his life. It restores the balance so likely to be lost in the fierce competition and the perpetual strife. It takes a man out of his shop, his office, and his library into the world of universal life. Culture can never be the real, practical, downright enrichment of life which it ought to be until men have ceased to think of it as a luxury. In one sense it is just as open to the poor as to the rich. One pair of eyes, one pair of legs, one open mind, one honest heart, a few hours of leisure, a bit of country, and a dozen books supply the elements of deep and genuine culture for any one who knows how to use them. It is not a question of privilege; it is a question of making the most of what you have. It is true that some men have far greater opportunities than others, but essential culture—that is, the ripening of the soul by contact with the best that has been thought and done in the world—is quite as much open to the man of limited opportunities as to the man of great opportunities. The test is the desire for it and the intelligence to take it. The man who is willing to be simply a mechanic, a shopkeeper, a lawyer, a minister, or an editor, and nothing more, sells his birthright as a man."

Several letters have been received asking for practical suggestions by way of supplement to these words; suggestions to those who are eager to cultivate themselves but are uncertain with regard to the first steps. It is impossible, within the space available for this purpose, to

outline with any degree of completeness the course of study, observation, reading, and meditation necessary for that ripening of a human spirit which we call culture; but a few simple, practical hints may be compressed into few words.

I. It must not be forgotten that culture is not acquirement, but ripening; it is not putting information into the mind, it is the enrichment of the very fiber of the mind. A man is not cultivated because his knowledge is large; he is cultivated because that knowledge is a part of him, and modifies his views of things, his attitude towards things, his tastes, his pleasures, and his habits. A pedant holds his knowledge—which may be very great—as a territory outside of himself into which he walks at will; a man of culture does not hold his culture as a possession, because it is part of himself. Culture is never expressed in terms of quantity; it is always expressed in terms of quality. A man of culture absorbs knowledge of all sorts as a tree takes the chemical elements which feed it out of the air and the soil; you cannot trace or identify them; they persist only in the increased girth, the wider circle and deeper mass of foliage. A man of information knows a mass of facts simply as facts; a man of culture knows them as illustrative of the law and the life behind them.

II. This kind of knowledge is not acquired, it is absorbed. The pedant is formed by his memory, the man of culture by meditation and imagination. A wide-awake, keen-eyed, unimaginative boy, alert and curious, takes note of all that goes on about him in the fields and woods, and picks up a great mass of facts and incidents in the natural world; a boy of different temper, not unobservant but meditative and imaginative as well, sees the movements that go on in field and wood, but feels deeply the life which makes all these movements possible, discerns the inexhaustible vitality of nature, discovers beauty, and recognizes the spiritual symbolism of all that surrounds him. The first boy gains information; the second boy gains culture. This process is clearly not acquisition, it is growth—the expansion of the nature by the nourishment of knowledge—and, being growth and not acquisition, a vital and not a mechanical process, it requires time. A man does not become cultivated in a day or a year; he must take time for ripening. He comes to his maturity slowly. The material may be limited, but, if it is perfectly assimilated, the culture which results is as real and perfect as if the material had been exhaustless; the bulk is small, but the quality is of the best. It is said of James Smetham, the English artist, that "the question presented itself to him, How shall I order and direct my life: What shall I aim at? Both his moral and mental imperfection demanded a continuous and extended culture, and he began to formulate a plan of life, beginning in a course of long, disciplinary study, and intended to combine art, literature, and the religious life all in one." To this course of study he devoted twenty-five years, which he thought well spent. Goethe spent more than sixty years in the process of cultivating himself; and few men have wasted less time. Mr. Beecher, on the other hand, was not a close and methodical student, but he became a man of very genuine culture, in addition to being a man of genius, by the habit of feeding himself out of every kind of knowledge at hand. If books were at his elbow, he read them; if pictures, engravings, gems were within reach, he studied them; if nature could be seen out of the window, he watched nature; if men were about him, he learned the secrets of their temperaments, tastes, and skill. If he had occasion to travel by stage, he sat with the driver and learned all about the route, the country,

the people, and the arts of his companion; if he had a spare hour in a village in which there was a manufactory, he knew all about it before he left the place. And what he knew he knew, not as bare facts, but as facts illustrative of character and life; he put his knowledge together, so that when he discussed the deepest problems and expounded the highest truths, all the arts and occupations of men flashed their light upon the theme in luminous and beautiful illustration. "Shall I tell you the secret of the true scholar?" says Emerson. "It is this: Every man I meet is my master in some point, and in that I learn of him." On the other hand, the writer has known men of many cares and few opportunities who have become cultivated by lifelong study of Shakespeare or Plato, or some other great writer. The methods are as diverse as the men, the opportunities as varied as human condition; but, with time, patience, and an open mind, culture is always possible.

III. "Name the dozen books" is the request of several friendly readers. It is easier to make the request than to comply with it, because tastes and aptitudes vary, and the essential thing in culture is the result, not the process. A man may cultivate himself as Goethe did, by long study of art and nature; as Mr. Beecher did, by questioning human life wherever he found it; as many a man has, by the intimate study of one or two books. He may cultivate himself by literature, as Mr. Lowell did; by science, as Professor Tyndall did; by history, as Mr. John Fiske has done. Each man must choose for himself the material which has the greatest attraction for him and from which he gets the largest returns. The essential thing is not the material, but the purpose, the spirit, and the steady fidelity. One need not go to Switzerland to learn to appreciate natural beauty. Let him get Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and begin to study the country about him; let him form the habit of observing trees, clouds, and birds. In a little time the world about him will begin to open on every side. Let him read Emerson's "Nature," the selection of Wordsworth's poems made by Matthew Arnold for the Golden Treasury Series, Burns, the books of Thoreau, Jefferies, and Burroughs. One need not read all books in order to get the soul of literature; that is to be found in the great books—the books of the race. The richest material for the unfolding and enlargement of the individual is found in intimate contact with the soul of the race; for the race has compassed all experience, sounded all life, and gotten at the heart of it, not only by thinking, but by feeling, by acting, by suffering. This final deposit, this vital quintessence of knowledge, is found in the dozen greatest books, because the great writers are the men who have seen deepest into the life of their race, mastered its secrets most completely, and revealed them most clearly. The man, therefore, who would get the richest material upon which to feed his spirit—that which the whole race has lived to secrete and accumulate—will have at hand his Bible, in some respects a unique literature, in all respects a literature of surpassing variety, power, and beauty; his Homer, in the translation he likes best; his Dante; his Shakespeare—and Shakespeare comes to us now in such available forms that a man may always have a play in his pocket for the odd ten minutes of waiting or travel; his Goethe; his Plato, also put into the most portable shape. The habitual reading and re-reading of these books, or any one of them—living with them year after year—will cultivate the man who thus becomes intimate with the greatest minds and the deepest experience of his race. These are the starting-points from which one may read, as he has opportunity, the books of power in every literature, the

books of history, and the books of science. The reader who is bent on culture will read to get at the heart of his book; he will brood over it; return to it again and again; keep it at hand, and finally get it into his heart. He will read always the best books; he will make use, not only of his leisure hours, but of his leisure minutes. If he needs to have definite suggestions at frequent intervals, let him buy Hamerton's "Intellectual Life;" and if he would confirm his devotion to his pursuit and have his faith reinforced, let him read Amiel's "Journal," and the essays of Arnold, Emerson, and Lowell.



Mr. Gladstone on the Atonement

Mr. Gladstone has in the September number of the "Nineteenth Century" an article on the Atonement, which has for the student of life and thought a double interest. It will increase the general admiration for Mr. Gladstone to find this eminent statesman, when laid aside by age and infirmity from the cares of state, taking up such a volume as Mrs. Annie Besant's autobiography, interesting himself in her singular misapprehension of the Scriptural doctrine of atonement, and bringing the powers of his mind to bear on the elucidation of this, the profoundest of all spiritual problems. For that is essentially this: What is the moral value of pain in the world? And how does it operate, if at all, to promote the spiritual welfare of man? The American must acknowledge with regret that his own country has produced no statesman with either the moral or the intellectual ability to turn aside from discussions of tariff and currency to the consideration of a problem so purely spiritual as this.

The article is interesting for another reason. While it affords no indication of any special familiarity on Mr. Gladstone's part with recent discussions of this theme, while there is neither citation of nor reference to such modern theological writers as Maurice, Erskine, and Bushnell, his view of the atonement is very distinctly the view of what is known as the New Theology. It is so in two respects. It represents the atonement, not as a violation of or an intrusion upon natural law, but as an illustration of its operation in the spiritual life; and it represents the atonement, not as an external and purely forensic operation, but as distinctively spiritual and ethical. "I would strongly contend," says Mr. Gladstone, "that there is in Scripture, in Christianity, nothing forensic which is not also ethical; that these two are distinct but not clashing forms of expressing one and the same thing." And he points out more fully in another paragraph that the popular distinction between the two is due to our ignorance. We acquit a guilty man and treat him as innocent, because we are not able to determine absolutely whether or not he was guilty; if we were so able we never should be guilty of such a practical falsehood. "This forensic phraseology, and the responsibility of the comparison which some preachers have so vulgarized by treating the transaction as one across the counter, does not appear to belong to Holy Scripture." With God "there is none of the uncertainty as to true guilt or innocence which marks our imperfect efforts to establish criminal retribution; for all things are naked to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

The commercial interpretation of the atonement, "that God accepts from Christ the suffering which, but for Christ, would have been justly due to the sinner, and justly inflicted upon him," Mr. Gladstone repudiates; his view is practically summed up by him in the opposing

statement that "man is brought back from sin to righteousness by a holy training; that training is supplied by incorporation into the Christ, who is God and man; and that Christ has been constituted, trained, and appointed to his office in this incorporation through suffering. This suffering, without any merit of ours, and in spite of our guilt, is thus the means of our recovery and sanctification."

These two sentences put clearly the contrast between what we may call the Old Theology and the New Theology view of the atonement. Both lay equal stress on the Passion of Jesus Christ. But the Old Theology regards the Passion as an episode, a sacrifice made once for all, and having its operation wholly outside of man. Its object is either to appease God's wrath and induce him to forgive, or to satisfy God's law and enable him justly to forgive; and forgiveness is a simple remission of the penalty, a treating of a guilty man as though he were innocent, because an innocent One has suffered in his stead. The New Theology regards forgiveness, not as a remission of penalty—which may or may not be remitted, and, in fact, is never more than partially remitted—but as a remission of the sin itself; not as treating the guilty as though he were innocent, but as cleansing the guilty and making him truly pure and holy. This is done and can be done only by bringing man and God into such close spiritual relationships that the life of God flows into and recreates the life of man. And this is possible only through the Passion of Jesus Christ, because a holy and an unholy person can be made at one only when the unholy person feels ashamed of his unholiness and resolves to abandon it, and the holy person shares that shame and sorrow with him and comes sympathetically to his succor.

With some variations in statement, this is essentially the view of Erskine, Maurice, Bushnell, and the New Theologians generally; and this is essentially the view of Mr. Gladstone in his article in the "Nineteenth Century." We hardly need to add that, in our opinion, it is far more in accord with Scripture, life, and the deepest spiritual experiences than the purely forensic view of the Old Theology.



The Dominant Interest

People who represent organizations of any kind find no task so difficult and so painful as being obliged to choose between the interest of an individual and the interest of the organization. It often happens that a long and well-tried servant begins to drop behind in the race and to do inadequately the work which was once done with zeal and thoroughness. Or, it happens that an employee with the best intentions, the kindest heart, and the purest character is incompetent to perform the task which has been imposed upon him. In such a case the man or woman who is responsible is put in the difficult position of acting against his or her own sympathies and feelings in response to the evident demands of the situation; and there is nothing more painful than to find duty pointing in one direction and one's feelings pointing in another direction. There are many cases in which it seems almost brutal to disturb a kind-hearted and faithful worker who does the best he can, but does not do well enough, or of one who, having once faithfully and competently performed his tasks, fails, for some reason or other, to keep up to the old standards of excellence. In many cases there are often opportunities of easing the burden of responsibility by securing other positions or by continuing salaries and so reducing the suffering from the loss of income; but in every case the supreme and dominant influence ought to be the interest

of the organization. A church ought not to suffer because a pastor is incompetent; a school ought not to be permitted to run down because a teacher cannot keep it up; an organization ought not to lose its prestige and force because some official connected with it fails to keep it well in hand. The public interest transcends the personal interest, and if one is obliged to choose between the two, the general interest must prevail over the special interest. This does not mean brutality or lack of sympathy. It simply means that the preservation and advancement of the interests of a multitude must always have greater weight and authority than the preservation and advancement of the interests of an individual. Sympathy and affection must not blind the man charged with responsibility to any injury to the interests which are put in his hands. Duty is none the less imperative because it is often painful.



Editorial Notes

—Superintendent Byrnes, in his recent report, affirms that, outside of excise cases, the law is well enforced in New York. Some one should call his attention to the fact that last week a horse-car was "held up" in the center of the city by an organized band of desperadoes who have before this robbed and assaulted many people.

—We suggest to every reader of *The Outlook*, who has or hopes to have an income of more than \$4,000 during the coming year, to file away this issue for future reference. The article on the Income Tax by Austin Abbott is the first practical statement we have yet seen of the manner in which the income tax should be paid. It gives our readers a valuable expert legal opinion for a very small fee.

—It is to be hoped that the disgraceful sequel of the Breckinridge campaign will suggest a new interpretation of the word chivalry to the community in which Colonel Breckinridge belongs. It is the bitterest irony to even suggest chivalry in connection with the Breckinridge campaign, or with the personal assault which has followed that agitation. The women of that district are entitled to the highest credit for condemning, not only the Breckinridge morals, but the Breckinridge manners as well.

—"The Watchman" is now to be added to the long list of religious papers which have followed the example set by this journal three years ago. It appears this week in a convenient form, with page and make-up very similar indeed to those of *The Outlook*, though with fewer pages. We congratulate "The Watchman" on its improved appearance. If "imitation is sincerest flattery," we certainly should feel complimented by "The Watchman's" new typographical dress, which copies that of *The Outlook* in almost every detail.

—It is said that Dr. John Henry Hopkins's support of Bishop Brooks, from whom it is hardly necessary to say he differed in points of churchmanship almost as far as the east is from the west, cost that distinguished High Churchman "the loss of those monthly intercessions of a society which prays for the souls of clergymen who die in the faith." If this is true, the members of this society ought to be placed among that Collection of Religious Objects which has been much talked about of late, and which is planned to illustrate the development of religion from the paleozoic period to the present time. The members of this society would naturally fall in the paleozoic period. They belong to a stage of development which has not even become ethical, to say nothing of being religious.

—Hoity-toity, what is this! The "Critic" losing its patience over Mr. Hamlin Garland's rather bumptious essays on "Crumbling Idols," and intimating that if the East receives much more literary impudence from the West there may be civil war! "The East," says the "Critic," "is naturally proud of the West, even when she is somewhat boisterous and self-asserting, as an old athlete is proud of the hard knocks he gets from the lad whom he has taught to box; but there is a limit to patience. Many men are living, and not yet old, who remember the arrogance which was once considered as almost the birthright of a Southerner, and to what it led; and if again, from other causes and for other ends, one section of our country shall be set against the other, the North and the South will stand as bravely side by side as they once stood face to face." We agree with you, dear Critic, that it is aggravating, but there are several other civil wars to be fought first—those over Silver, Woman's Suffrage, Roman Catholicism, and the Income Tax! It will be some years yet before we shall have an opportunity of enlisting with you under the standard of Shakespeare and Milton against the barbarians who want to enthrone Ibsen and Whitman!

The Income Tax

How it Should be Paid by the Honest Citizen

By Austin Abbott

Dean of the New York University Law School



THE object of the statute is to get into the United States Treasury two per cent. of the net income of business corporations and of the net income of individuals in excess of \$4,000 a year. The questions of most immediate interest to present readers are those which relate to the income of individuals. All individuals residing in the United States are to pay on such excess if they have it, whether the income is derived from business or property here or abroad. And all persons deriving income from anything within the United States are to pay even though they be citizens and residents of another country. Those who are not residents of this country appear to be not entitled to even the \$4,000 deduction, so that an American is not legally exempted by going abroad to reside.

It will be seen at once, by the reader who attempts to apply the language of the Act (sec. 27, etc.) to his own affairs, that there is much room for difference of opinion in a few cases as to what is income, and in many cases as to what expenses are properly deductible in order to ascertain the amount of taxable income.

The general principle, applied with remarkable uniformity by the courts in determining controversies which arise in case of doubt or ambiguity in applying tax laws, is to prefer that interpretation which protects the taxpayer, rather than that which favors the Treasury. In other words, the officers administering taxation must not exact more than the legislature has clearly authorized them to exact.

But, the rule of general liability under the law having been thus ascertained, the courts commonly deal with a claim of exemption, set up on behalf of an individual or class, upon the converse principle, which, however, is really in harmony with that already stated. This secondary principle, usually applied in case of doubt or ambiguity as to exemptions of individuals or classes, is that the law is to be interpreted in favor of the Treasury and against the claim of exemption. It will be at once seen that the enumeration of articles or sources of income subjected to the tax falls within the first of these principles, and a person is not to be required to pay a tax in respect to a particular thing unless the legislature has with reasonable clearness so declared; and the converse principle of adopting an interpretation in favor of the Treasury rests on the obvious justice of avoiding inequalities and special favors relieving particular individuals or classes from a burden which is otherwise general. The ground of the first-mentioned principle is that reasonable clearness is essential in a law that takes away the property of members of the community. The ground of the second principle is that uniformity is also essential to justice in such a law; and the courts will not depart from uniformity any further than the legislature has clearly granted an exemption.

Several classes of corporations are exempt; but the only classes of individuals expressly exempted by the act are those having not more than \$4,000 income. To this we may add, on general principles of international law, that diplomats and others in the service of a foreign country will be exempt, except perhaps in respect to any business they may carry on here.

All the questions, therefore, which concern the readers of this article fall under the first of the principles I have mentioned; viz., that if, in reading the words of the Act in their natural and ordinary meaning, and with due regard to the context and the general intent of the Act, it remains doubtful whether a particular source of acquisition is to be included or a particular expense deductible, the doubt may fairly be resolved in favor of the individual and against the Treasury.

"Gains, profits, and income received." The first thing

to notice is the primary declaration of the statute that the tax is to be laid annually "upon the gains, profits, and income received in the preceding calendar year." These three words have each a somewhat different scope from the others. It will hardly do, however, to say that the law intends, therefore, to tax everything that might have been thought to fall within the meaning of either word had it stood alone. In a general sense "gain" may be said to include the goodwill that a partnership acquires by building up a business, and the value of a trade-mark which a manufacturer acquires by the continued excellence of his product. But words in law, like men in life, are, to some extent, judged by the company they are in; and "gains," linked in one expression with "profits" and "income," all being qualified by the word "received," is properly understood to mean here gains of a like nature as profits and income—that is to say, pecuniary realizations.

The special clauses of the statute which follow, in some respects enlarge and in other respects restrict what would otherwise be the meaning of this primary declaration of the Act.

Earnings. In respect to personal earnings the statute covers "gains, profits, and income," whether derived from "salaries, or from any profession, trade, employment, or vocation carried on in the United States or elsewhere, or from any other source whatever." But earnings, like all other income, are subject to deduction of "the necessary expenses actually incurred in carrying on any business, occupation, or profession." A license fee or special tax on one's vocation would, of course, be deductible. The claim to exemption for "necessary expenses actually incurred" will give rise to many questions on which taxpayers and the collectors of internal revenue will differ. The object of the statute is plainly to ascertain the net earnings. If a lawyer or physician should hire an office for his business, its rent would be deductible. If he should build upon the corner of his village house-lot an office for the accommodation of his patients or clients and his library, I should say that if the collector of revenue were satisfied that the expense was reasonably necessary for the convenient and comfortable practice of the profession he would be bound to allow it as a deduction. The word "necessary" in the statute does not mean physically necessary, but required by reasonable convenience.

If a lawyer or physician, a clergyman or journalist, should hire a house with more rooms than needed for his family, because of the necessity of having a reception-room, library, and writing-room for his professional duties, the question whether the collector would apportion the rent of the entire house between the living and the working part, and allow a deduction from professional income of a fair proportion of the rent, is a question on which collectors would be pretty sure to differ, unless instructed from headquarters. I should claim the deduction with confidence. If the same man already owning the house should set apart the necessary rooms for his professional work, the claim that a part of the cost of the house was a necessary expense actually incurred in carrying on the business could not be sustained. If he should, within the year, buy a house larger than necessary for his living purposes, by reason of his professional needs, he might have to argue some time even with a liberal-minded collector to establish his claim to deduct the additional cost of the house from the earnings of the year.

Other clauses of the Act exempt salaries of State, county, and municipal officers, and protect the compensation of United States officers and servants, once taxed by the paymaster, from being again taxed by the collector.

Rents derived from any kind of property are taxable so far as received within the year; but whether the expenses

of maintaining the property in condition are deductible is matter of argument. Taxes other than local assessments paid within the year are expressly made deductible from the income of the person actually paying them. Certainly, in computing "gains or profits," if those were the only words in the Act, the expenses of repairs and insurance would be deducted; and an important clause of the statute declares that "in computing incomes the necessary expenses actually incurred in carrying on any business, occupation, or profession shall be deducted;" and it seems as fair to say that a man whose income is derived from owning and letting houses is doing a "business" as much within this clause as one who lets horses and carriages, in the case of which repairs would certainly be deductible. The cost of new buildings, permanent improvements, or betterments, made to increase the value of the property, could not be deducted, upon familiar principles, for it is chargeable upon capital, not upon income.

Interest, whether derived upon notes, bonds, or other securities (except those United States bonds the principal and interest of which are by the law of their issuance exempt from all Federal taxation), or derived from mortgages or from any other forms of indebtedness bearing interest, is taxable, and is treated as if received within the year, whether paid or not, provided it be good and collectible.

The clause in the statute thus defining taxable interest adds, however, "less the interest which has become due from said person, or which has been paid by him during the year." That is to say, one who gets interest and also pays interest can deduct what he pays to ascertain his interest income.

An important question which will arise under the statute will be whether one who borrows money to carry on his business can deduct the interest paid, under the clause allowing "necessary expenses" to be deducted, or whether payments of interest are deductible only from interest earned. If we give its natural effect to each clause, he who carries on a business in which he pays interest as an expense, may deduct it from the profits of the business; and he whose income is from money out at interest, as distinguished from the income of a business, may deduct any interest he has paid from interest received. The right of corporations to deduct interest upon their indebtedness is expressly given them.

But if it be conceded that interest on borrowed capital used by an individual in his business is deductible, the claim will be made that interest on one's own capital employed in the business should also be deducted. Such a claim, I think, would not be allowed. First, it is not "an expense actually incurred;" but the argument of the claimant would be that he lost interest which he might have received if, instead of putting it into the business, he invested it—that is to say, that it is a constructive expense. Such interest, however, would be taxable, and there seems no equitable reason, therefore, for straining the construction of the statute and treating one who foregoes a gain of interest as if he had paid it out.

Dividends and Premiums. The statute requires certain corporations to pay a tax upon their net profits, and it provides that, although income from dividends generally is taxable against the individual who receives them, the amount so received from companies or associations shall not be subject to a second tax against the individual.

In the enumeration of what is to be included in estimating gains, profits, and income, the statute says, "the amount of all premium on bonds, notes, or coupons." This clause is very badly drawn. Notes and coupons are rarely if ever at a premium. Stocks are not mentioned. Nor is it possible for any one but the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, speaking officially (if even for him), to say what is meant by "all premium." An intelligent economist familiar with the rules of legislative expression would never have drawn such a clause. In one sense, a person who buys bonds below par which go up to a premium considers that he has made a profit while he still holds them; but it is not a gain, profit, or income received. Moreover, a man may make a profit on a transaction in bonds which never go to a premium; he may make a loss

on selling bonds at a premium which he bought still higher; and it is doubtful whether this imperfect clause adds anything to the efficacy of the statute. It seems reasonable to treat it as an obscure and useless attempt at specification of a detail sufficiently ascertainable by the general primary clause.

Real Estate Operations. The meaning of the phrase "gains, profits, and income received," in its application to operations in real estate, is interpreted by that clause of the statute which provides that "in estimating the gains, profit, and income there shall be included . . . profits realized within the year from sales of real estate purchased within two years previous to the close of the year for which income is estimated." An advance in value of real estate, therefore, is not in itself taxable, but only realized profits arising upon a sale of property previously purchased, and even then the profit is not taxable if the purchase was more than two years before the close of the taxed year. Whether securities such as notes, bonds, and mortgages taken on a sale are to be deemed an amount "received" and "realized," is perhaps a debatable question. If the property were sold without any formal security, and the vendor had merely a promise, with that equitable right of action known in the law as the vendor's lien, all would probably agree that the profit had not been received or realized. If the vendor should take from the purchaser the negotiable note of a third person as the equivalent of money, all would probably agree that the profits had been received or realized, if the note was good and collectible; but it does not appear to me that an instrument not taken as the equivalent of money, but merely as a security by which the money may ultimately be received or realized, is in itself a profit realized.

Produce and Live Stock. Productions which are the growth or produce of the estate of any person, and the increase of which, in a sense, is a gain, are not in themselves taxable, but the tax is on the amount of sales less the cost of purchase or production. The language of the statute on this point is as follows: "The amount of sales of live stock, sugar, cotton, wool, butter, cheese, pork, beef, mutton, or other meats, hay and grain, or other vegetable or other productions, being the growth or produce of the estate of such person, less the amount expended in the purchase or production of said stock or produce, and not including any part thereof consumed directly by the family." The intent of the statute appears to be, with regard to agricultural and live-stock productions, to allow all the farming expenses involved in the production to be deducted from the aggregate of prices received on the sales of the things so produced. Whether the expense of producing things of one kind, which proved unprofitable or could not be sold, is deductible from the amount of sales of things of another kind, is not expressly indicated; and the frequent impracticability of accounting for the cost or production of each separately, confirms the opinion that the general principle of construction sanctions deducting the entire cost of purchase and production as to all such products on the estate of one person from the aggregate of sales.

Other Gains. The value of personal property, as well as any amounts of money acquired by gift or inheritance, are gains taxable under the statute, although they might not be within the ordinary scope of the words profit or income. And the statute contains a general clause taxing "all other gains, profit, and income, derived from any source whatever." This clause is broad enough to include all matters of the same general nature as any of those previously enumerated, such, for instance, as money found and appropriated because no owner appears; money won by gaming or bets, or by a fictitious transaction in stocks, and pecuniary prizes in a competition. It is not broad enough to include real property inherited; and it is the better opinion that it cannot include real property devised.

Deductions. Among deductions not already mentioned, besides taxes other than local assessments, are "losses actually sustained during the year, incurred in trade, or arising from fire, storms, or shipwreck, and not compensated for by insurance or otherwise, and debts ascertained to be worthless, but excluding all estimated depreciation of

values, and losses within the year on sales of real estate purchased within two years previous to the year for which income is estimated: Provided, That no deduction shall be made for any amount paid out for new buildings, permanent improvements, or betterments, made to increase the value of any property or estate."



What Would You Have Done?

"And now, what ought a good citizen, to say nothing of a Christian, to do in such a case?" asks my friend who has come for advice in a difficult matter. Yes, he will give me time to think it over—and that is what I have been doing for an hour or more. My answer does not come. Let me retell his story, fancying the readers of *The Outlook* are listening and will serve as a kind of advisory board. My friend cannot be the first good citizen who has carefully sought for the path of duty out of this very dilemma.

August is nearly over—and such a tropical August as it has been! My friend, who needs a vacation as sadly as any overworked office captive ever can, looks in vain for a prospect of getting off even for a fortnight. He is receiving almost nothing this year in rents—a good share of his real estate being invested in houses occupied by mechanics out of work and behind in their payments. A large tenement-house, upon which he has spent a year's rent in repairs and in getting it in order for a most respectable class of tenants, has stood empty for many a year. It has already been broken into and a good deal of its lead pipe carried off and other damage done. Whenever he feels that he must have a sniff of sea air he has only to stroll into D— Street, and one glimpse of his grievously taxed, non-productive real estate makes him content to stay at home.

My friend has always looked upon his investment in real estate as a good one—that is, in ordinary times. We live in a thriving inland city of the Empire State—one that is bound to grow rapidly. His houses are near the business center—a row of detached two-story frame houses, many of them with little gardens in the rear—houses much sought for by upper workmen and salesmen upon moderate salaries. The tenement block, *The Garrison*, as he calls it (a scant tribute that he pays to the Abolition reminiscences of his Quaker boyhood), would have been full of good tenants only for the shutting down of the factories and the discharge of railroad men who anticipated living there. . . . There are several second-class boarding-houses in the vicinity, and a large laundry. The rear windows of a fashionable avenue command the row; two or three well-kept private stables, with their fine equipages and liveried coachmen in impressive top-boots and condescending patronage of the children of the neighborhood, give it a certain air of high respectability, particularly the coal-black, white-haired old family coachman of the B—s, whose grandchildren are occasionally permitted to ride up and down the street on the backs of the horses. *The Travelers' Club* is considering buying the corner lot adjoining *The Garrison*. All in all, it is a good locality, save in exceptionally hard times, for investors in real estate.

One of the features of our town is a large educational institution. At its head is a man whose family are well known as second to none of the Southern aristocracy (if I may use that word), a historic family of wide plantations, and whose sons, including our Dr. L—, gave their West Point training to the defense of State rights. I, for one, let me confess, much as I like Dr. L—, have always thought that his Southern sympathies might unfit him for the proper training of Northern boys; and only a few weeks ago, at a dinner given by him to one of the generous benefactors of his institution, the remark that he made, in a confidential aside to my friend and myself, when a long-winded response to a toast—a eulogy of the North for its loyal championship of the rights of Afro-Americans since

the war—was done, had convinced us both that his estimate of the North "had a clinker in it," as my friend expressed it in discussing what he had said. "It's a pity," Dr. L— had confided, *sotto voce*, after making a charming response to the eulogy, "that some of you who believe that the negroes are so much better treated at the North than at the South, could not be a negro for a week and enjoy this patriotic brotherhood I hear so much about. Now, do you know that if you were a negro, one of the better class, nothing would induce you to stay in these parts if you could get at least as far South as Baltimore? No; climate is not all there is to it: it is the mercenary spirit that has shaped all your relations with the negro from the first."

We agreed, my friend and I, not to tell what Dr. L— had said. We deplored it—we were fearful—but a few years longer at the North might open his eyes.

The last week had been unusually hot. My friend's wife and children could not repress their longings to get off before the season was over at the sea. His physician said he must get away, he would surely break down if he did not. But the empty house, the unpaid rents, said, No, it is simply impossible.

Night before last, when he dragged himself up his front steps, his wife met him with a beaming smile. She seized him as soon as he was within reach. Dr. L— had sent a man to inquire about *The Garrison*—a man who would take it at once, pay a quarter in advance, a reliable tenant. Dr. L— wanted my friend to come over and see him about it at once.

"Can we get off to-morrow?" he cried back, cheerily, skipping down the steps, the sound of the breakers already in his ears.

"Of course we can. I'll have the trunks down before you get back," and he heard his boys whooping for joy.

My friend's wife caught the sound of his lagging footsteps some two hours after. He came in with disappointment written plain on his weary face.

"I am in a dreadful dilemma, my dear. I don't see how we are to get out of this."

Neither did she when he had stated the case.

Dr. L—'s candidate for the house was a very light mulatto, a most respectable man, who had acquired some property and was about to open a café down-town. This mulatto wanted to rent *The Garrison*, with the idea of buying it; Dr. L— would stand his security. He meant to sub-let the house to negroes, to make it possible that the better class of his race might rent apartments in it at reasonable rates. "He will pay you more than you have been asking," said Dr. L—; "that is, if you will not let a black man have it for the same that you would a white. This man has the betterment of his race at heart. He will tell you that they find it very difficult, the most respectable of them, to get decent houses to live in here at the North. No one will rent to them if he can help it; they must pay higher rent than whites; in fact, they are crowded into quarters where many of them would not remain if there was any other place for them to go. Why not let him have *The Garrison*? I will go on his lease for five years."

My friend's wife saw the situation at once. He did not need to tell her what would be the feeling of every property-owner in D— Street and its neighborhood if *The Garrison* should become "negro quarters." They called a council of some of their friends at once—wise advisers. It would be madness, they were told, to think of doing such a thing; how could they confront the animosity it would create against them—the bitterness of old friends, whose property would be depreciated by their act? There would be a stampede of their old tenants—the bare hint to one of them of the possibility of what *The Garrison* might become convinced them of that straightway. A member of the *Travelers' Club* wasted no words in showing what the effect would be in their choice of a location for a clubhouse. He was "mighty glad" they had not taken that corner lot if there was any danger of such a depreciation in the property. The avenue was hotly aroused. "Facts, sir, hard facts!" said a comrade in politics. "If you do

this thing, your nomination for — is dead as a door-nail." Such an uproar has the rumor that The Garrison is in danger of being rented for negro quarters already excited—a petition against it signed by the patrons of the boarding-houses having already come in—and so beset is my friend with indignant remonstrances, even threats, that it seems easy to prophesy what he will do; and yet, as he asks, "Is there no right in this matter? Can I in justice refuse to rent the house to this man? Have I, as an American citizen, the right to debar respectable families from living in respectable quarters simply because the present occupants of the neighboring houses object to their color—their race? And then—let me face it—do I weaken from a mercenary consideration of the matter, from what it will cost me in dollars and cents, to say nothing of popularity and social standing?"

We have been out to talk the matter over with some of the leading Afro-Americans of the town. We never knew before the serious difficulties they have in getting houses to live in, whether they would rent or buy. In both cases they are severely limited as to choice; they must take houses or neighborhoods, as a rule, which have been already occupied by negroes—the assigning of a house to their race meaning its occupancy by it in the future. The rent goes up, the condition of the property goes down. Any extension of the quarters in which they may live is bitterly opposed—as my friend could well believe. "It seems strange," said a well-to-do barber, the head of his profession, "that in all the talk we hear about improving the homes of the working class our homes never get any attention at all."

Now, dear readers of The Outlook, what would you do about it? Long before this is in print my friend will have decided, and have resigned or taken his vacation. What do you hope that he did?



Edwin A. Abbey at Work

By Jeannette L. Gilder

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey is no longer of the colony of American artists living at Broadway in Worcestershire. He lived there in the same house with the Millets and Alfred Parsons in his bachelor days, but now, since his marriage, he has discovered another beautiful English village and made his home there in its loveliest house. It is nearer London than Broadway, which is an advantage, and yet it is not in the track of the tourist, which is another advantage. I went down there from London one afternoon, arriving just in time for a cup of tea and a stroll before dinner. It was raining, to be sure, but it was one of those gentle, considerate rains that fall in England and are just wet enough to keep the grass green and the flowers in continual bloom, but not wet enough to keep one indoors if there is anything to take him out. From the railway station to the house where Mr. Abbey lives there is not a building to be seen; it is all lovely fields and trees, and then you come to a big gate which a small boy opens for you, and you drive up to the door where Mrs. Abbey stands to welcome you to her English home.

The house is large and very old, with innumerable out-buildings all of the same material, stone plastered, and roofed with shingles of moss-grown gray stone. There are two parts to the house, the new and the old. The new would be regarded as old in America, where we have nothing numbering the years of the old. When Mr. Abbey took the house, which he has on one of those elastic English leases of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one years, it was very much out of repair, but he has restored it so that it abounds in comfort and simple elegance. Several acres of land surround the house, and from the drawing-room and dining-room windows there is a sweep of lawn that melts into a distant hedge which is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. The grass had just been cut, which gave it a particularly velvety appearance. Such elm-trees as are not seen outside of England dot the lawn, not near

enough to shade the house, but just near enough to dignify the view. A well-rolled tennis-court showed that Mr. Abbey believed in leavening his work with a little play.

Back of the house, shut in by a high wall, is the kitchen-garden. It is not, as with us, entirely given over to the raising of vegetables. Lovely flowers of every description have their share of the rich soil, though the flower-garden proper lies just beyond the drawing-room windows. In the garden wall is a door, and through this door you pass into a courtyard, and facing on this courtyard is the studio where Mr. Abbey and Mr. John S. Sargent are at work upon their decorative paintings for the Boston Public Library.

This studio does not go with the house. That is, it was not there originally, but was built by Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent for large canvas work. I do not know its actual size, but I know that it is enormous, and that it took one hundred and fifty yards of yard-wide goods to make a curtain to run across it.

Mr. Abbey has chosen for the subject of his frieze the story of Sir Galahad and the search for the Holy Grail. One panel of this frieze, twenty-four feet long, was exhibited at Chicago. Unless one has some special reason for knowing otherwise, he imagines that Mr. Abbey or any other painter takes a book of costumes and the poem or episode of history he is about to illustrate, sets his palette, and goes to work. Nothing could be further from the truth. To begin with, Mr. Abbey read every story of the Holy Grail that he could lay his hands upon, and Mrs. Abbey translated from the old German and Norse languages such accounts as have not already been put into English. These Mr. Abbey studied with all the ardor of a historian, and welded together so as to make the most accurate as well as the most picturesque story. Then he and his wife set forth to travel through the countries that Sir Galahad is supposed to have passed through. There, from ancient pictures and statuary, they got the costumes. From the architecture of the time Mr. Abbey had molds cast, all of which are now in his studio. He made sketches of ancient temples and palaces, and he so infused himself with the story that he became as enthusiastic as Sir Galahad himself. Running the length of the studio is a deep closet, and in this closet are hundreds of costumes that have been made with the greatest care for the models to wear who pose for Mr. Abbey. Mrs. Abbey has a large room in the house called the "costume room," where she herself superintends the making of these costumes. They are beautifully made, and are historically accurate. To show you how carefully Mr. Abbey goes into details: He wanted a design for the posts of the King's bedstead, so he himself modeled a design in clay, made a plaster cast of it, and then gilded the cast so as to get the exact effect of the light and shade on the gold relief.

Mr. Sargent's frieze is to illustrate the history of religion, and he has had just about as much work with it. He has made models in wax until he blistered his hands so that he could scarcely hold a brush. Then he took to modeling in butter, which, while it did not blister the hands, was not, I believe, altogether satisfactory. Those persons who imagine that artists "dash off" their pictures "at white heat" have only to read the foregoing to see that even two such talented painters as Mr. Abbey and Mr. Sargent do an enormous amount of hard work before they touch the canvas.

They will each get, I believe, \$15,000 for their friezes, and were given seven years to do them in. Three years have passed, and each has finished one panel. I don't know for a fact, but I will venture to say that before the work is done it will have cost both painters more than the price they receive. The mere paints and canvas cost enough, but when you add time, costumes, traveling expenses, and models, you soon come to the end of \$15,000. It was not to make money that either of these painters accepted the commission. It was for the love of the work and to set the ball a-rolling. They are great believers in decorative painting, and hope to see a revival of the art, and for this reason and not for money they were willing to be among the pioneers. They have had an endless amount of hard work

and much discouragement, but they have triumphed, as Mr. Abbey's Chicago panel and the one Mr. Sargent has in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy prove.

It is not because Mr. Abbey does not love America that he lives in England, but because all his backgrounds are in the latter country. When he illustrates Shakespeare, Herrick, or Goldsmith, he need go no further than the little village near which he lives to get it all. The narrow village streets, the thatched cottages, the little diamond-paned windows, the vine-covered doorways, the old-fashioned gardens, the high walls with the fruit trees growing on them, all are there. Indeed, he need scarcely go further than his own house, with its deep-set windows, its stone-covered, moss-grown gables, its walls and gardens, to set his scenes in their original settings.

For a number of years Mr. Abbey was regularly engaged by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to work for their periodicals exclusively, and some of his best pen-and-ink work has appeared there: his illustrations of Herrick, of Shakespeare, of Goldsmith's plays, all appeared in the pages of

"Harper's Magazine;" but now the arrangement has been discontinued by mutual consent, that Mr. Abbey may devote himself more entirely to painting, in which art he has made such enormous strides during the past five or six years. While this will be bad news for the readers of "Harper's," it will be good news to those who want to see more of Mr. Abbey's color-work, for it is in oil and water-color that he is at his best. He is, however, engaged upon some illustrations in black and white at which he has been working since some time in the eighties. When they will see the light of reproduction I do not know. It is Mr. Abbey's intention to illustrate Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" as it never has been illustrated before. He has thirty-six or more drawings already made, but that is a small portion of the work. A great charm of the book will be that he is going to make it entirely himself, and the price will not be settled upon until the book is made, which is the reverse of the usual way of book-making. It is, of course, a thing of the future, for time as well as art will go into its making.



Selected Short Stories

III.—A Windfall¹

By Jane Barlow

Little more than two years has passed since "Irish Idylls" made its appearance, and, without ostentation, the author quietly made herself felt as a new force in literature. The book was an instantaneous success, even before it had attracted the attention of the literary critics, for there was a note of genius in it which touched and won the sympathies of its readers. No one has



Jane Barlow

been more astonished at this sudden access of fame than the modest author herself; nothing, she says, has ever pleased and surprised her more than the amount of interest that has been shown in her work. This is no affectation; Miss Barlow has been fortunately endowed with the humility which makes genius a thing of beauty. Not one sentence is marred by the least trace of self-consciousness. The incident of her refusing to reveal her identity when "Walled Out" appeared in the "Dublin University Review" in 1885, despite all the editor's efforts at discovery, is an illustration that has been frequently used to point this trait in her character. Miss Jane Barlow has lived all her life in Ireland, though with the breadth of the isle between her home in the County Dublin and the western Connemare districts which are the scene of "Bogland Studies" and "Irish Idylls." She comes of German and Norman descent, but her family has had its roots through successive generations deeply embedded in Irish soil. Her father is the Rev. Dr. James Barlow, and is Senior Master Non-Regent of the Dublin University, and a well-known Greek scholar. His daughter has inherited his scholarly instincts. Especially in her early work Miss Barlow was under the constraint of her father's influence, and a number of translations from the Greek classics appeared during the eighties in "Hibernia," contributed under the pen-name of "Owen Balair." "Bogland Studies," a collection of narrative poems in Irish dialect, was published by Fisher Unwin in 1891. The following year, Hodder & Stoughton brought out her "Irish Idylls," which were written in

response to Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll's far-seeing suggestion to try her hand at prose; and a few months later Dodd, Mead & Co. issued an American edition. "Bogland Studies" has also been reissued by the same firm, in a revised and enlarged edition; also Miss Barlow's first long story, entitled "Kerrigan's Quality." The popularity of these books has not abated since their recognition by the reading public. Miss Barlow lives in a little hamlet called Raheny, not far from Dublin. She covets the rural retreat of her sheltering cottage, which has been described as "redolent of home virtues and the things that best make life worth living." "Jennie is a veritable fire-worshiper," says her mother; "she hates to be driven from her chimney-corner. An invincible repugnance for going outside these four walls, and as strong an objection to eating her meals, have marked her since babyhood." In politics she is a Nationalist—a born rebel, her father says—and a stanch Home Ruler. It is love for her race and a woman's suffering sympathy with the wrong and oppression of her people which has given *raison d'être* to her writing.

THE widow M'Gurk has managed her own farm of more than half an acre ever since her husband's death, which took place one spring several years ago, just when he was about to get in his seed potatoes. They weighed very much on his mind during his last hours, for he gravely doubted the success of his wife's unsupervised operations, and how was she going to live at all if the crop failed on her? She tried to pacify him by assuring him that the ground was frozen as hard as bullets, and all the men in Connaught couldn't work a stroke if they were outside in the field; but he was not deceived, and would have got up if he had been able to stand on his feet. Pitaties were all that day the burden of so much discourse as is possible to any one with

double pneumonia, which his neighbors diagnosed as "a quare wakeness on his chest;" but about sunset Father Rooney, summoned by Mad Bell, rode up on his old cream-colored pony, and he gave the sick man some consolation.

"Well, well, M'Gurk," he said, "she'll have good neighbors to assist her anyway, and she'll do grandly, with the blessing of God. When I was coming along just now, I think I noticed one of the boys getting across the dyke into your bit of field there, with a graip over his shoulder, like as if he was about doing a job for you."

M'Gurk sought to verify this cheering news by looking through the span of window which was near his head, but as it happened to be glazed with the lid of a tin biscuit-canister he could not do so, and had to take the statement on trust. However, he said, "Glory be," and thencefor-

¹ From "Irish Idylls," by Jane Barlow. Published by special permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Copyright.

ward seemed "aisier, like" until the small hours next morning, when he grew easier still.

Mrs. M'Gurk's subsequent career, though not exactly *grand*, even for Lisconnel, has, in a measure at least, justified Father Rooney's prognostications. The people have been ready enough to do good turns for a neighbor who takes high social rank as a lone widdy, without chick or child belongin' to her in this world, the crathur. But her own peculiarities sometimes ran counter to their kind intentions. She was not a native of that country-side, and had traveled to it along a path declining from better days, most grievous for her to tread, as she had the proud and independent spirit through which the steps of those coming down in the world are vexed with a thousand thorns. After more than half a lifetime, her heart still turned to the place where she had spent her long young years of comparative prosperity, before her father "got drinking." She could not bring herself to accept the lower level as a permanent one, or to abandon an absurdly palpable fiction according to which she was recognized as well-to-do and in want of nobody's help. Hence, whenever she was known to be in straits, the neighbors had to consider, not only their own ways and means—generally a puzzling question—but also susceptibilities on the widow's part which often proved no less embarrassing and restrictive. A little too much outspokenness, a little over-precipitancy in taking the hint which she was sometimes lothfully constrained to let fall, would convert any attempted relief into grounds of dire offense.

It would not do, for example, to come bouncing in, as Judy Ryan did one evening, bringing a pailful of potatoes, culled cautiously, though in no grudging mood, from a slender store—if Judy threw back a handful at the last moment, it was not her will consented—and saying: "Och, sure, Mrs. M'Gurk, I've heard you're run out o' pitaties; why, it's starved you must be, woman alive, cliver and clane. Here's an odd few I've brought you in th'ould bucket, and they'd be more, on'y we're gettin' shortish ourselves." Judy was immediately informed, with a lamentable disregard of truth, that Mrs. M'Gurk had more pitaties than she could use in a month of Sundays, and was at the same time given to understand, with an impolite absence of circumlocution, that the sooner she removed herself and her ould bucket, the better it would be. After which the Pat Ryans and the widow M'Gurk were not on speaking terms for many a long day. Then, on another occasion, she gloomily dug her steep potato-patch all over again from top to bottom, and in consequence had her potatoes a good fortnight late, whereby half of them rotted in a spell of very wet weather, which occurred before they were fit to lift, simply because Hugh Quigley had finished trenching the ground for them without consulting her, thinking that, since she seemed whiles troubled with the rheumatics, forby not being altogether so soople as she was, she would deem it a pleasant surprise to find the task unbeknownst taken off her hands.

Incidents such as these led Lisconnel to opine that the widow M'Gurk was "as conthráry as the two inds of a r'apin' hook," and their tendency was, not unnaturally, to diminish her friends' zeal upon her behalf. Yet she never so far alienated their sympathies but that she found some of them ready to stand by her at a pinch, and, as they said, "humor her the best way they could."

Perhaps Mrs. Kilfoyle, the old woman who remembered impossible things, was most successful in this respect; which need not be wondered at, since people regarded her as a person who possessed more gifts than a turn for romancing. These were at times summed up in a statement that she had a way with her. The way which she commonly used in her delicate transactions with the widow M'Gurk was to borrow the loan from her of a jug or a mug. What she could want with one it would have been difficult to conjecture plausibly, for she had an assortment of them, much more numerous than any imaginable emergencies could demand, ranged upon her own smoke-blackened shelves. Small articles of coarse crockery would seem to be the one thing in which Lisconnel is sometimes superfluous. However, the fact is that Mrs. Kilfoyle ever and

anon toiled up the rush-tussocked slope to Mrs. M'Gurk's abode on the hillside—which she certainly would not have done for nothing, being old, and, though a light weight, less nimble of foot than of wit—with no ostensible purpose other than to negotiate such a loan. It is true that on these occasions she was apt to be struck by a sudden thought just as she took leave.

"Well, I must be shankin' off wid oneseelf, Mrs. M'Gurk, and thank you kindly, ma'am. Sure it's troublin' you I am too often."

"Not at all, not at all," from Mrs. M'Gurk, whose gaunt head rose two inches higher with the consciousness of conferring a favor—"don't think to be mentionin' it, Mrs. Kilfoyle; you're as welcome as the light o' day to any sticks of things I've got."

"I suppose now, ma'am, you couldn't be takin' a couple o' stone o' praties off of us? Ours do be keepin' that badly we can't use them quick enough, and you could be payin' us back when the new ones come in, accordin' as was convanient. If you would, I'd send one o' the childer up wid them as soon as I git home. Sorra the trouble in it at all, and thank you kindly, Mrs. M'Gurk, and good-evenin' to you, ma'am." Then, trotting down the hill: "I'll bid the lads to be stirring themselves. Niver a bit the cratur's after gittin' this day."

Or it might be: "Good-evenin', then, Mrs. M'Gurk, and I'll be careful wid your jug. I was thinkin', be the way, you maybe wouldn't object to the lads lavin' you up a few creels of turf, now our stack's finished buildin', just to keep them quite, for it's beyond themselves they git entirely if they're not at some job. They do have their mother distracted wid their divilments, the little spalpeens."

I believe the widow was never known to take offense at any of these afterthoughts, though I am not sure that she did not, now and then, dimly surmise a stratagem, which she would have resented fiercely had the contriver been anybody else than this little old woman with her white hair like carded bog-cotton, and a sweet, high-piping voice like a small chicken's. But even the other neighbors sometimes managed things adroitly, for Lisconnel is not deficient in tact when it takes time to consider. Still, that tug of war between pride and penury could not fail to produce harassing incidents, and the widow M'Gurk swallowed many an ungrudgingly bestowed morsel with bitter feelings of reluctance, which rather more or less magnanimity would have spared her.

But one day she found herself elevated above these mortifications by a little wave of affluence which swelled up suddenly under her feet. It was a still November morning, with a smooth leaden sky, and wisps of paler mist hardly moving on the somber face of the bog in the distance; not a morning that seemed to promise anything out of the common, yet it brought a letter to the widow M'Gurk. A letter is almost as infrequent an occurrence in Lisconnel as a burglary in a village of average liveliness, and it usually gets there by circuitous and dilatory modes of conveyance, for which the postal regulations are not responsible.

But the contents of Mrs. M'Gurk's blue envelope were fully as astonishing as its appearance had been. They consisted of a money-order accompanied by a document which explained that this was the share accruing to her from the divided estate of some unknown kinsman, who had died possessed, as was apparent, of property, in Connecticut, U.S.A. And the money-order was for the amount of *fifteen shillings*.

Do not suppose that Mrs. M'Gurk ascertained these things at a glance, as we might read a paragraph in a newspaper; the deciphering of them proved a stiff task for a more knowledgable person than herself—though, mind you, it was a quare piece of print would bother her, or handwriting either, if it was wrote anyways raisonable. Her first impression, in truth, was that she had received some ominous notice or "warnin'" about her rent, which would imply that she stood in imminent danger of being "put out of it"—an apprehension prone to haunt the mind of the dweller in Lisconnel; and, winged with this mirk-

feathered fear, she sped down to consult her nearest neighbors, the Kilfoyles. So great was her hurry that Mrs. Brian Kilfoyle, rinsing a pot outside their door, remarked to her mother-in-law within:

"Here's the widdy M'Gurk, leppin' down the hill like an ould spancelled goat. Be the powers, she was narely on her head that time, over a wisp of bent-grass. It's much if she's not after scaldin' her hand wid the kettle, for she seems to have got a bit o' white rag on it."

As neither of them could enlighten or reassure her, Brian was shouted for from his adjacent digging, and even he had to sit for a considerable time on the dyke, with the paper spread down in front of him between two broad thumbs, and with a little breeze blowing through his red beard, before he solved the problem. A small crowd had assembled to hear the result, and was properly impressed by the magnitude of the riches which had flowed into Lisconnel. People are generally loth to be in any way balked of a strong sensation, and so when Mrs. Sheridan said, after prolonged calculatory mutterings, "Fifteen shillin's—sure, that's somethin' short of a pound, isn't it, now?" there was a disposition to resent the remark, albeit she really spoke with no wish to belittle, but merely from a habit of estimating things negatively.

"It's more than her half-year's rent, so it is, anyhow, whatever it may be short of," said Pat Ryan, sententiously.

"May the divil dance upon the rint," rejoined his brother Tim, "but I'm wishin' you good luck along wid your distribited fortune, Mrs. M'Gurk."

Public sentiment was, on the whole, with Tim. Of course, if this phenomenal influx of wealth had confined itself less exclusively to a single channel, satisfaction would have been livelier; pennies jingling in your own pocket ring more silvery than shillings in that of your neighbor, and will do so until coins may bear the date of the millennium. Still, the widow's legacy was a popular measure in Lisconnel, and for the time being created among its inhabitants a strong feeling in favor of Fortune's administration of affairs. Their motives, however, were not purely disinterested, because some of them, more especially the women and girls, would for several ensuing weeks retain an irrational conviction that the probabilities of such a letter coming to their own address had been materially heightened. Only by degrees would these illogical persons cease to experience a faint twinge of disappointment when some casual Pat or Mick, returning from the Town, appeared, as might have been expected, empty-handed. It was so easy now to imagine some one again bawling along the road: "Where's Mrs. So-and-so? Sure, there's a letter for her they gave me down beyant."

There were a few exceptions to this prevalence of generous sympathy. I fear that Mrs. Quigley cannot be acquitted of an attempt to dull an envious pang by rubbing the edge off Mrs. M'Gurk's joy when she said, after a critical survey of the flimsy paper-scrap in which it was at present enfolded: "Well, now, I'd liefer ha' the money down straight, or, at all ivints, one of them blue-and-white pattron, wid the plain black figures. I've heard tell there does be ivery manner of botheration sometimes afore you can git that sort ped—if you iver git it at all."

Mrs. M'Gurk's face fell as rapidly as a barometer in a hurricane, but, before it had time to lengthen more than an inch or so, "Divil the botheration," Brian said. "Herself below at the office 'll just sling the amount at you out of her little windy-box, same as if it was a penn'orth of brown sugar over the counter at Corr's. They might be axin' you to put your name to somethin', but, sure, any ould scrawm 'll do, and they'll settle it up themselves inside. That's all the trouble's in it."

"Och, well, they'll be takin' something off of it, for sartin'," persisted Mrs. Quigley, reduced to a but paltry and meager solace; "they're niver for payin' one the full amount of anythin'. Pennies they'll be takin' off."

But Brian said, with confidence: "I question will they. And, at all ivints, a pinny or so's but a trifle here or there. It's yourself 'ud be countin' the spillin's when they were pourin' you out a sup o' drink."

So Mrs. Quigley returned, out of humor, to her morn-

ing's occupation, which happened to be minding a small baby, patching an old red woolen petticoat with bits of an older blay calico shirt, wishing that the rheumatiz hadn't got such a hould on her right elbow, and wondering by what manner of manes they could contrive to use only the full of the big pot of potatoes daily, when every other potato was bad in the middle; while Mrs. M'Gurk, her faith in her windfall not appreciably shaken, resumed possession of her postal order, now imprinted blackly with many unofficial stamps.

When the Æschylean Hermes said that Prometheus would not be tolerable if he were prosperous, he voiced a sentiment which most of us have felt at times, though we may never have expressed it so frankly, and which appears rather melancholy and rather grotesque, if one considers it deeply enough. Not that this remark has any special application to the widow M'Gurk, whatever may have been the case with regard to the pioneer philanthropist. Two or three of her neighbors, it is true, did suspect her of seeming "sot up like" by her accession of wealth. But this was merely their imagination. She really was not unduly uplifted, being indeed one of the people in whom a sudden shock of good luck awakens a keen and compunctious sense of their neighbors' less happy circumstances. When this half-remorseful feeling is retrospective in its action, linking itself with memories of those who can be no longer touched by any freak of fortune, it serves as a very effectual safeguard against over-elation. And that is not at all an uncommon experience among the dwellers in places like Lisconnel.

The widow M'Gurk, then, bore her fifteen shillings meekly, and even listened with patience to the conflicting advice which her neighbors liberally gave her on the urgent question of their investment. Four shillings must go, "body and bones," to pay off a long-standing account at Corr's—that was one fixed point; but with respect to laying out the remainder of the sum there were as many minds as there were women in Lisconnel, and rather more. On the whole, she seemed most inclined to adopt the suggestion offered by old Mrs. Kilfoyle.

"If I was in your coat, Mrs. M'Gurk," she said, "I've a great notion I'd be gittin' meself three or four stone, or maybe half a barrel, of male—oaten-male, I mane, ma'am, not the yella Injin thrash, that's fitter for pigs than human cratur's—God forgive me for sayin' so. That 'ud come expensive on you, ma'am, I know; but then 'twould put you over the worst of the winter grand. Sure there's nothin' more delightful of a perishin' night than a sup of oatmeal gruel wid a taste o' sour milk through it—nothin' so iligant, unless it might be a hot cup o' tay."

Nobody believed Peter Sheridan when he alleged that if the money were his, he'd just slip it away somewhere safe, and have it ready to hand towards the Lady-Day rent. Such unnatural prudence could be supposed in no one when actually brought to the test. "It was aisy talkin'," and he himself niver before the world wid a thruppinny bit."

Be that as it may, Mrs. M'Gurk had long before sunset planned a shopping expedition to the Town for the very next day; and it was arranged that the widow Doyne's Stacey should accompany her, and help her with her load, which people understood would consist mainly of a heavy meal-bag. An early start was necessary, for daylight had shrunk nearly to its shortest measure, and the Town lies a good step beyond even far-off Duffclane, which, scarcely surpassing Lisconnel in size, and making no better attempt at a shop than a cabin with two loaves filling one window, and half a dozen shriveled oranges and a glass of sugar-sticks enriching the other, gives little scope for the operations of the capitalist. If you live at Lisconnel, it is convenient to understand that "down below" means Duffclane, and "down beyant" Ballybrosna, pre-eminently the Town.

There were still thin fiery lines quivering low down on the rim of the ashen-gray eastern sky, and to the westward the shadow of a great dark wing still seemed to brood over the bog, when Mrs. M'Gurk, wearing a hooded cloak borrowed from Mrs. Sheridan, and bearing a battered

osier basket with a cord handle, loaned by Big Anne, stood ready equipped for her journey. Before she could start, however, she had to make a round of calls upon her acquaintances to inquire whether she could do e'er a thing for them down beyant. This is a long-established social observance, which to omit would have been a grave breach of etiquette; yet, like other social observances, it sometimes becomes rather trying. On the present occasion one might almost have fancied a touch of irony in the polite question. There were so many things she could have done for them if—but there was much virtue in that "if." More just than usual, for the harvest had been indifferent, and an early spell of cold weather had brought keenly home to the inhabitants of Lisconnel the fact that they stood upon the verge of the long winter. And the people were afraid of it. In the face of those white starving days and black perishing nights they durst not break into their queer little hoards of pence—corners of "hankerchers," or high-hung jugs, or even chinks in the wall—any more than they would have opened their door with an unmetaphorical wolf howling expectantly somewhere fast by. So the widow M'Gurk received only few and trivial commissions; a penn'orth of housewife thread, a couple of farthing match-boxes, and the like. Mrs. Quigley was on the point of bespeaking half a stone of meal, but drew back at the last moment, and resolved to do with potatoes, though her husband, who had begun to scent stirabout for breakfast, looked cast down as he tramped off with his graip. And Mrs. Pat Ryan knew that her children were expecting a penny among them to send for sugar-sticks, so she told them angrily to quit out of that from under her feet and be minding the goat. For at such times the heart of the head of affairs has to be hardened, and the process often incidentally gives a rough edge to the temper.

The last people Mrs. M'Gurk called upon were the Mick Ryans. Old Mick, who had long been past his work, and, indeed, "past himself, entirely," as his neighbors put it, was seated on the dyke near the door, waiting till "they were a bit redded up inside," and thinking vaguely that the wind felt cold. His smoke-dried, furrowed face had hardly more expression in it than the little potato-patch that sloped up behind him; but all at once a gleam came into his eyes, and he said, very alertly:

"And is it to the Town ye're goin', ma'am?"

"Ah, well, now, father, what 'ud you be after at all?" said Mrs. Mick, his daughter-in-law, uneasily; for old Ryan was fumbling in his pockets, where in bygone days there used sometimes to be pennies, but where there never were any now.

"Tobaccy," he said, after a pause, and fumbled on.

"Whethen now, goodness grant me patience, what talk have you about tobaccy these times, man alive?" said Mrs. Mick, with slightly threadbare good humor. "Where'd you be gittin' a notion of tobaccy? Sure, Mrs. M'Gurk"—here signaling with a gutta-percha grimace to her visitor for corroboration—"won't be settin' fut within miles of a tobaccy-shop. She's just goin' after a bag of male. And Himself might be gittin' you a bit comin' on the New Year. Didn't he bring you a grand twist on'y last Lady Day?"

The old man, partly discouraged by the fruitlessness of his researches in his pocket, and partly by the haziness of the prospect held out to him, seemed to let the idea drop, and his face became nearly as vacant a tract as before, with perhaps a shadow on the furrows. And his unmarried daughter, who had also been groping in her pocket but had found nothing to the purpose there, said, under her breath, "The crathur!"—two words which in Lisconnel so often sum up one's judgment upon a neighbor's character and condition.

The widow M'Gurk and Stacey Doyne could not be expected home much before dark, and nobody began to look out for them until quite one o'clock. The ridge of the knockawn behind the widow's cabin commands an ample stretch of the road in both directions, and from that point of vantage there is generally some one on the look-out, most likely for a mere pastime, though watchers there have been sorely in earnest. But the probable proceed-

ings of the two travelers, the various stages of their journey, and all the circumstances connected therewith, furnished unusually abundant material for discussion about the doors and beneath the thatch of Lisconnel all through this quiet November day, not otherwise rich in incident, as nothing more noteworthy occurred than a slight difference of opinion between Mrs. Quigley and Judy Ryan respecting some hens, and an acute yet transitory excitement roused when Mrs. Sheridan's two-year-old Joe was almost swept over the black edge of a bog-hole by the trailing tether-rope of an unruly goat. Neighbors meeting were at no loss for a remark when they could say, "They'll be better than half-ways there by now," or, "I wonder what Corr 'll be chargin' her the stone for the male," or, "I'm after axin' her to try was there a chanst of anybody wantin' me couple of speckletty pullets. They've given over layin' on me, and I've scarce a bit o' feedin' for them up here at all; when they smell our pitaties boiled, they're in after them like eagles, fit to swally them out o' the pot."

As time wore on, these speculations began to take a gloomy tone, for Mrs. M'Gurk was much later returning than had been anticipated, which naturally suggested some mishap. They might have lost the money-order—that was the favorite hypothesis; or maybe the people at the post-office—Mrs. Quigley reverted, but now without malign intent, to her original theory—would have nothing to say to it, good or bad. About five o'clock, when it was quite dark, a gossoon at the Mick Ryans' supposed, with a grin, that they might "ha' met somethin' quare comin' by Clason's Boreen." Whereupon Mrs. Mick, sitting in the dusky background, might have been seen to bless herself hurriedly, while Sally Sheridan, who stood near the open door, edged several steps further into the room: for the place mentioned is an ill-reputed bit of road. And the next time the rising wind came round the hill with a hoot and a keen, all the women started and said: "Och! the Laws bless us, what was that?"

At last, just as Mrs. Doyne was pointing out how easily one of them might have happened to put her foot in a hole in the dark, and break the leg of her, the same way that O'Hanlon's son did a twelvemonth since, bringing back a heifer from the fair, and he lying out on the roadside all night, and the baste traped off home with herself as contented as you please—hailing shouts, which softened into a gabbling hum at a closer range, put an end to all such surmises.

Mrs. M'Gurk's shopping had been done on liberal lines, to judge by the bulging of the basket, which she set down on the first sufficiently flat-topped dyke of Lisconnel, while she took a temporary rest, and her friends skimmed the cream of the day's adventures. The ill-fitting lid covered an interesting miscellany, which the uncertain moonlight made it difficult to inspect and "price" satisfactorily: in Lisconnel no newly imported article can be contemplated with equanimity until everybody who is qualified to form an opinion has guessed how much it cost. The first parcel that came out was the cause of the expedition's late return, having been accidentally laid down on a counter, and only remembered when Mrs. M'Gurk and her companion were a long mile and a half on their homeward way. But the widow felt that she would have tramped back wearily twice as far, rather than have left it behind, when Biddy, old Mick Ryan's daughter, whispered to her: "Sure, he was lookin' out for somethin', in a manner, the whoule day; I knew by the face of him whenever there would be a fut goin' past the door, though what got such an idee into his head bangs me. But I'll give you me word, this livin' minyit the crathur has a couple o' matches slipped up the sleeve of his ould coat that he axed the loan of from Larry Sheridan this mornin'; belike he—"

"Arrah now, look at the size o' the lump that is," interposed his daughter-in-law; "I'm rael ashamed, bedad. He'd no call to be talkin' of such things. Faith, ma'am, 'twill ha' stood you in—"

"Whisht then, whisht, you stookawn," protested Mrs. M'Gurk, "and don't go for to be puttin' him out of consait wid his little bit of enjoyment, size or no size."

[Continued on page 518]

The Home

The Garret

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

Ye mind me o' departed days.

Not a mere air-chamber reached through a hole in the ceiling, nor yet a dusty "glory-hole," though the latter has its own charm, but a real garret of generous proportions, just dusty enough to yield the proper garret odors. Leading out from the main room there ought to be a small inner garret with odd nooks and corners, in which are heaped apologetic resemblances to "glory-holes," enough like those dear old-fashioned horrors to be interesting, yet not so untidy as to shock the housewifely soul.

In this smaller room the closed shutters are green, and in one of the slats a bumblebee has bored his way, leaving a round hole through which the sunlight streams—a bright beam for the dust to dance in. The shaft of light crosses the room, to end at last under an old red sofa with three legs; the fourth is gone, but a soap-box supplies its place. What a spot of spots where greedy youth may read forbidden pages! To creep into that inner garret, to hide under the decrepit sofa and fling open the proscribed volume on the floor where the light from the bumblebee's hole strikes the page, is to gather such stolen honey as the bees know nothing of.

What is the volume?

An old, green-bound copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

To glance toward it even now, unforbidden, on the bookshelves, is to recall as well the inner garret, the red sofa, and the bumblebee's hole.

Perhaps a broken slat in the shutter would answer almost as well as a bee-hole, and would have to answer in the city; but a garret with memories should be in the country; for mud-daubers are country-bred, and daubers' nests built under the window-sills are indispensable to a *real* garret. Shutters cannot keep the dauber out. A thin and dainty insect, the slats are but open doors to him as he buzzes in, carrying his balls of rolled mud with him. It is not cruel to break up a mud-daubers' nest; for they are a distinct housewifely offense. If the frail walls crumble delightfully at a judicious poke, and if the young within are fascinatingly white and queer and wormy or weak-winged imitations of their parents, according to the stage of their development, this is all but as the reward of a virtuous effort at cleanliness.

Then, too, the dauber is cruel himself. The food he has sealed into his mud hut for the use of his offspring is living insects, poor things! Some of them thus entombed are still alive, and creep away miserably when released.

How delightful the inner garret is, and not to childhood only. The "glory-heaps" offer food for all ages. Every twelve months it is the part of wisdom for provident youth to overhaul the garret for plunder. What was trash to the childish soul, and left to molder, is but a year later a discovered treasure to the budding mind.

"Mother, may I have this?"

How familiar it sounds!

And no one need be afraid to diminish "glory-holes" by raiding. They are like the widow's cruse, never running dry. But there are some parents who object to garret raids, and perhaps also to possible secret readings; so these hide the key of the garret in a key-basket—which is an act little short of cruelty.

If for no other reason, attics should be built as the place for a quiet weep. Where should one retire to cry, if not to the inner garret! How many childish woes have been there sniffled away, with only the mice to listen! Some shy children will never cry within sound of any ear, however loving. Leave them a hole to creep into and spill over comfortably!

Repressed tears hardening on the heart are not for the soul's health.

Therefore, O mothers, leave the key of the inner garret on a peg in the outer garret, not too high for little arms to reach. The outer garret is secluded enough for

the tear of maiden meditation, which, unlike the passionate gusts of childhood, rather courts discovery.

There is a touch of mystery about the closed inner garret that the outer lacks. Mystery does not thrive in a huge attic room, with the windows open, and a children's swing swaying from a great beam that runs across the ceiling. A room which is often entered somehow speaks the fact, and grows more commonplace for this human language. Still, the outer garret has a human charm. The east wall facing the swing smells strangely of camphor. The red-cedar chests standing there in a line have held, every summer season, all the winter clothing, packed layer on layer with camphor between, until the chests themselves have grown to smell like camphor-wood. The white chest on the west wall has a different odor, and is seldom opened. When it is, all the children crowd around. As the lid lifts, that faint, unnamable flavor of the past, which seems to hover about all things which belong to former days, floats out into the room. This is the relic-chest of the family. In it are "mother's" tiny wedding shoes and doll-like gloves, "father's" white wedding waistcoat, "grandmother's" thimble and needle case, her white and gold netted purse, her quaint little bead-bags, and what not that tenderness makes sacred.

But most gorgeous of all is Great-Aunt Harriet's peach silk ball dress, that rustles mightily and stands quite alone. Its waist is very long and very pointed, the bosom laid in "Grecian folds," whatever they may be, and the trimming in rows and rows of "shells," all the most exquisite handwork. The peach silk was made by the first dressmaker of the town in Great-Aunt Harriet's day, and the charge for its making was three dollars and a half!

This statement and the gown always came out from the archives together.

In the south wall to the right of the swing is a huge window with a deep, deep window-sill, in which there is perpetually, as memory asserts, a great blue tureen of preserved strawberries sweetening in the sun. As the swing sways back and forth, the blue tureen and window are first in view, then further along the wall comes a "sampler" in worsted work with these words—which, by the way, are perfect rhythm to swing to—carefully wrought into the canvas: "Worked by Harriet Ann Dufane, in the ninth year of her age."

What a living reproach to following generations, who at nine years of age have no such framed monument of industry to lift on high! Yet Great-Aunt Harriet must have had her weakness also—witness the peach-colored silk. The north wall holds a high, very high mantel-shelf, with an enormous china cat on each end, with sweeping ears that almost scratch the ceiling—so memory says.

Why is Madame Memory such an unblushing magnifier?

The child who swung to and fro between the mantel cats and the window in the south wall saw both again years after. The window was of ordinary size, and the sill rather narrow than wide; as for the china cats, they were each, by exact measurement, just one foot high.

Ah, well! what matter?

Though more than the long-eared cats and deep window never existed, an unreal memory is real enough for him who owns it, and if one can sing ecstatically, "My mind to me a kingdom is," may not another claim a modest garret?



The Sins of the Commonplace

The sharpest distinction between the rich and the poor, or, more truly stated, the distinction between the refined and the unrefined, is shown in the attention to or neglect of little things, especially in the minor morals of the toilet. Money counts for so little in these matters that it is to be deplored that every mother does not realize the importance of training children in the habits that mark the distinction between refinement and vulgarity, and which become second nature. Care of the hands is a duty that few children are taught to carry out as they should; the care of the hair is too seldom attended to with that nicety which is necessary

to insure its health and beauty. The care of the dressing of the neck, both for boys and girls, is too often neglected, and in men and women often becomes a social impediment. The care of the body should be considered a cardinal virtue, and would be, if every human being were taught to consider the body the temple of the soul.

The criticism so often justified by the condition of the poor, that the outside garments are secured at the sacrifice of those inside, would not be made if the body were considered by each human being the casket of that spark which marks the difference between man and the brute. The thoughtful man, sensitive to his surroundings, is impressed in traveling with this lack of care, even in those whose belongings give every evidence that carelessness is due to lack of innate refinement.

If cleanliness becomes a matter of comfort, it will be secured; men will work for it as they do for food; and the child properly trained will find in maturity that the niceties of the toilet in detail are as imperative as food or companionship. The relation between cleanliness, absolute and entire, and morals is too often slurred over. The man who takes the time to perform his toilet to perfection is the man who secures time to think. His mind is thoroughly awake, and he has secured the habit of leisure, at least to the extent of recognizing that he is of enough importance to give himself some attention. He may not be a saint, but the chances are that his sins will be those that are peculiar to the refined nature.



The Positive Solution

The question as to the best method of changing the condition of that part of our community loosely classified under the name of the poor, is one that finds as many answers as there are observers of the conditions that surround each stratum; each one's solution of the problem depends altogether upon his point of view and his familiarity with any special group. Doubtless all would agree in one thing, that houses better adapted to the needs of the poor man than the present tenement-houses in the cities, or the mere shelters that are called workmen's houses in the country, would be the best solution. Given light, space, and air, the moral growth of the family can be hoped for; but who can expect that morals can be developed to a high degree when there is neither room to straighten out in sleep, a possibility of privacy for bathing, or light that would make it possible for all the family to engage in reading or sewing with ease at the same time. It is true that there are families living in so little space that it would be impossible for them all to occupy seats at the same time.

A woman of the better class among the tenement-house poor, driving past the large houses on Fifth Avenue, said: "I don't care nothing about those houses except that the people have room. The reason that the brothers and sisters in poor families do not get along any better is because they don't have room. I know that most of the fights that I had with my brothers and sisters was for that reason. There was so many of us when we went to bed at night that there always had to be one or two across the foot of the bed; and when you straightened yourself out, as you had to once in a while when you grew tall, you were sure to hit somebody with your foot, and the first thing you knew there was a fight—kicks and bites and scratches. If we could have had room we never would have had these fights. And we never had room to hang up our things or to put them away. Why, I never had a place to call my own until I was married; and I worked from the time I was eleven years old until I did get married." And the woman was almost fierce as she continued: "I have always said, since I have been big enough to know anything, that when I got married I would never have but one child, and that child should have room to grow. She should have a place to hang up her things and a place to put them away in;" and she gave a hug to the little pale-faced girl who sat beside her.

This last summer a number of intelligent women who live in tenement houses were driving through Central Park.

Looking across at these same houses with closed shutters and barred-up doors, a sweet, brown-eyed woman said: "Just think! suppose the people who live in those houses should say to each of us, 'Now you take care of these houses till we get back, and you can use the basements and have the yards all to yourselves.' Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely!" she said, with enthusiasm. "And they might, you know, because we would take good care of their things; and just think what it would be for Ella to have a yard to play in!" Ella was her blue-eyed daughter, the living picture of her great, pure hearted, boyish father.

At Shelton, Conn., there are cotton-mills. A Miss Adams, of New York, has been given entire charge of the tenements formerly occupied by the operatives. One block in this little village is called the Cotton-Mill Block. It is built of wood, and was intended to accommodate forty families. Recently many more than that have been crowded into it. This building Miss Adams will entirely renovate and improve, and then take charge of it, compelling the tenants to live up to a certain standard of cleanliness, to comply with certain sanitary rules. The rents will be so reduced that the poorest families in the village can occupy these tenements. This is the secret of improving the condition of the poor: houses built with due regard to sanitary conditions, and the people, either by force or education, compelled to live up to certain standards of cleanliness and order inside and outside of their immediate tenements. Some one has called the electric lights in the streets moral policemen. The moral effect of light will be more highly valued by the authorities as well as by the community at large at no distant day. Darkness, whether by night or day, is the cover for evil, moral and physical. We need reconstructed houses for our poor—houses that will make light, air, and privacy possible. Our large cities to-day stand more in need of what a clever young girl called "five per cent. Christianity" than any other virtue. When it abounds, we shall cease to need philanthropists.



Our Field

We called it "our field." The "our" meant a party who had spent several summers together in a place that had only its natural beauties, its remoteness, and its freedom to recommend it. "Our field" was at the end of the road that passed the cottages, about two miles away. It was most beautiful in the fall, for then a hedge of golden-rod completely surrounded it, with here and there clumps of aster. The road that skirted it on one side was hidden by the sumac with its scarlet leaves. The farmer who owned this field must have been an artist in his soul. He had built in the field great mounds of stones when he cleared it. About these mounds goldenrod, aster, and everlasting grew until the stones were hidden; he never mowed them down when he mowed the field, and they became a girdle of glory in the fall. Beside one of the mounds a mountain-ash grew with its scarlet berries, adding still another beauty. The field sloped down to what years before had been a stream; its course could be traced by the low, bushy growth up and down the valley seen from the field. From the bed of the stream the mountains covered with maple, birch, and pines rose until the further range was lost in the low-hanging clouds. Here and there the thick growth showed where a mountain stream has formerly leaped and tumbled down to the valley stream, and a brown thread of road could be traced that leads to the red school-house entirely hidden in the trees.

As the days grow cooler and shorter, our field becomes the favorite object of our long walks. We do not leave it until the sun begins kissing the tops of the trees, and we walk home in a flood of sunshine above a world of shadow.

We do not pay taxes on it; we care not for its crops except in the altruistic spirit; every tree seen is ours; every leaf is ours; the very breezes that blow over it are ours. Every landscape that hangs on the walls must pass the standard the field has left on that inner eye. No poverty can take it from us, no pain visit us that does not find alleviation in this our unbought possession.

Household Hints



A Subscriber's View

Dear Outlook:

There is no such thing as a "Servant-Girl Problem;" it is entirely a question of Mistress. Let the women understand their household work, and the way in which it should be done, and that ends the matter.

It is a well-known fact that here in America we cannot hire properly trained labor. Any girl of eighteen feels competent to put in an advertisement to fill the position of "cook," or "waitress," or to "do general housework," as the case may be.

She comes from a tenement where she has never seen a well-ordered room or meal in her life. Her nerve is splendid. Hire that girl! Do not be afraid! If the mistress knows the work, she need not have a scruple about taking just such a girl. It is the raw material out of which an invaluable servant can be made.

Talk with her first; tell her that you are willing to teach her, provided she is willing to learn; that it is to be a real home to her, and that she is expected to have a pride in it.

Two weeks of careful training and watching after that are enough to start the girl safely on her way. Say that she knows nothing about cooking. Tell her what there is for dinner, then write out the proper method of preparing each dish. Yes, it is a bit of work, but how well worth it! Write out the breakfast dishes in the same manner, and have a book in which she can keep all the receipts for future use. If a dish is difficult in its preparation, take the time to demonstrate its composition. I have spent two hours in the kitchen teaching a girl how to bake waffles, and disaster attended each effort, and tears too, until at last four brown, crisp, delicate cakes amply rewarded our efforts, and since then waffles have come upon the table in perfection. It requires patience, but what does not?

Teach her how to wash the dishes properly: glass first, then silver, then china. Teach her how to make a bed and dust a room; how to sweep, and the thousand and one things that go to make good housekeeping. Teach her, but let her feel always that you are her friend, and she will thank you for it.

I have kept house many years, and had only cheerful, loving service from my maids. I have nursed them when they were sick, and it has been pathetic to see their efforts to imitate the little niceties of a sick-room when I have been ill in turn. See that they have a pleasant room and a good bed, and at least one comfortable chair in the kitchen. In summertime, unless there is a separate bath-room for their use, set apart a time when they may use the bath-tub each week. On ironing day let them have lemonade. Try ironing for an hour when the thermometer registers 96°, and you will know why. Above all, let them feel that you are the best friend they have; then all this distressing talk about poor service will end, and a smiling face and loving service will be your reward.

MRS. A. H. N.

Adapted to Use

The popularity of bicycle-riding for women is no longer questioned. Naturally, the next step is a costume which will meet the requirements of the new pleasure. Recently in one of the parks a lady was seen on her bicycle who wore what was supposed to be a navy-blue cloth skirt, Eton jacket, and cap. When first seen she was seated on her bicycle. Passing her a little later, it was discovered that her skirt was a divided skirt made of fine English cloth; leggings to match buttoned to the knee. These leggings had gaiter tops which buttoned snugly over a low-cut shoe without heels. The Eton jacket had lapels, but was so made that they could be buttoned up tightly over the chest. When seen, the lapels were turned back and showed a white cloth vest buttoned with white pearl buttons. A cap with visor, white linen collar and tie and cuffs, completed the costume. The

divided skirt was very full, and, when the lady stood, looked like a very short skirt, not unlike the street costume that became popular during the World's Fair. Certainly some method of dressing must be found which will not endanger the lives of the women using the bicycle. A light material worn in a full skirt that catches on the spokes of the wheel is worn at the risk of life and limb of the rider. Another suit which appeared well adapted to the uses of cycling was made of corduroy. The skirt was long, but apparently no petticoats were worn. Leggings of corduroy and a tailor-made waist, with a black felt hat, completed this costume. The corduroy was so heavy that it did not blow, and so prevented the display made by many women whose dresses are of material too thin to be worn on a bicycle.



A New Wall-Paper

In France a novelty in paper-hanging has been introduced, according to the "Decorator and Furnisher." It is called the "Express Painting," and is accomplished by the following method of application: "A paper covered with a smooth ground, apparently made of some sort of gum, is printed with designs, after the manner of wall-paper, but in oil colors instead of the ordinary size color. To apply the decoration, the back of the paper is moistened, and the rolls are then glued back upward on the wall to be decorated with strong glue. The back of the paper is well worked over with a rubber 'squeegee,' to press out the superfluous glue and insure adherence, and the whole left to itself to dry. After it is thoroughly dry, ordinary paste is spread over the paper, which, of course, has the back outward, and the work is again left for an hour. At the end of this time the paper will be softened, and nothing remains but to strip it off, beginning at one corner and pulling gradually, when the oil-painted pattern will be found firmly adhering to the wall or ceiling. The marks of glue can be washed away from the decoration, and the whole varnished if desired."



How it Began and Grew

The following story illustrates what might be called a game of gossip. A poor woman in Pennsylvania made an application to the township for aid. A neighbor heard of it, and told another woman that the Jones family had five little children. This woman, through some defect in listening, or in telling the story, received the impression that the five children were born at one birth. Next the story appeared in the newspapers. The managers of two or three dime museums hastened to the remote town from which the news came, with the hope of securing the mother and the children for exhibition. The woman lived ten miles over a rough road from the nearest railroad station. Immediately following in the footsteps of the managers of the dime museums came reporters to write up the interesting family, and next the agents for two or three children's foods, anxious to secure the mother's promise that these foods should be used for the babies. All were astonished to find that the five children were of varying ages, but no one was more surprised than the innocent mother whose poverty was the primary cause of her notoriety.



The Home Protector

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is about to devise a distinctive tag to be placed on meat shipped from slaughter-houses either to other States or foreign countries. As has been stated before in this column, the main difficulties the authorities have to contend with are the small dealers. The larger slaughter-houses are carefully watched, but the small dealers in towns and villages, it is known, buy and slaughter diseased cattle. The remedy for this lies in the control of the consumer. In Orange County, New York,

early in the past summer, a cow died from tuberculosis, and within an hour after the death of the cow the local butcher offered a price for the carcass. Nothing but the honesty of the owner saved the people of that little village from the danger of contagion.



A Much-Needed Relief

Laundry-work, as every housekeeper knows, is the work that causes the greatest discomfort, and the department whose arbitrary rule upsets the whole plan of the family life for one, two, or three days in the week. Laundries use such strong alkalies that clothes are destroyed. The ideal of every housekeeper is to have clothes returned to their places in bureaus and closets smelling of fresh air and sunshine. This can be accomplished only by out-of-town laundries. Such a laundry now exists but a short distance from New York, under the management of a lady whose address will be gladly furnished to any of our readers who apply for it. In London a profit-sharing laundry has proved very successful, but in this country as yet the plan has not proved successful.



How to Use Cold Mutton

The Boston "Courier" reports the following conversation as overheard at a Boston cooking-school. No one can doubt the efficacy of the recipe given as to the best method of using up cold mutton:

Lady (talking to herself). Now she has got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton.

Next Lady (in a sympathetic tone). I have six first-rate recipes.

First Lady (opening her note-book). Will you favor me, please?

Second Lady. Six boys.



Waifs and Strays

The question as to whether letters of introduction or recommendation should be sealed is one that has always been more or less discussed. It would seem that if the writer wished the bearer to know the contents he would either read them to the bearer or request him to read them.

The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association has secured a Washington coach. It had been sold to a circus company for fifty dollars, but was secured through the persistent efforts of Mr. Dodge, the Superintendent at Mount Vernon. It has been presented to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association.

An exchange suggests oysters as a delicious ingredient of salad. The recipe is one and one-half pints of oysters to one pint of chopped crisp white celery. The oysters and celery are mixed, and then dressed with a French dressing one hour before being used. The oysters are cut in two. The salad is served on leaves of lettuce, and a tablespoonful of mayonnaise is placed on top of each portion.

According to a recent statement, the Chinese use India ink as a barometer. The ink is poured into a saucer and diluted with a little water. When there is a promise of rain, the mixture remains in the saucer several days undiminished; but in the dry period it evaporates rapidly, so that it is necessary to renew the mixture daily. The least appearance of dampness is indicated by the undiminished quantity remaining in the saucer.

That influenza is contagious we all know, but there is not that degree of care used in laundering handkerchiefs that should be used. They should be kept apart from the other clothes, and soaked in cold water, into which kerosene, from a quarter of a cup to a cupful, according to the quantity needed, has been poured. When they have soaked for a time in this oil and water, add hot water and wash them; after that wash in more suds-water into which a little oil has been poured. Rinse thoroughly and dry.

Little Betty's Kitten Tells Her Story¹

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

In Two Parts—II.

Betty used to show me the flowers in the garden, and tell me which ones were going to bloom, and what color they would be. We were very much interested in all the flowers, but we cared most about the white rose-bush. It was so big, and we were so little, that we could sit under it together; and we were always trying to count the little, hard, green buds, though there were so many that we never counted half of them. Betty could only count up to ten, and all we could do was to keep counting ten over and over.

"These little buds will grow so big, soon," she used to say, "that they will burst, and then there will be roses, and more roses, and we will make a little house under here and have a tea-party."

We were always going to look at that rose-bush, and sometimes when we were playing and jumping Betty would think she saw a bud beginning to come out, and we would both run.

I don't know how many days we were so happy together—playing ball, and jumping in the grass, and watching the white rose-bush to see how the buds were growing. Perhaps it was a long time, but I was only a kitten, and I was too frisky to know about time. But I grew faster than the rosebuds did. Betty said so. But, oh, how happy we were! If it could only have lasted, perhaps I might never have grown sober and sat by the fire thinking so much.

One afternoon we had the most beautiful play we had ever had. We ran after the ball; we swung together; Betty knelt down on the grass and shook her curly hair so that I could catch at it with my paws; we had a tea-party on the box, and when it was over we went to the rose-bush and found a bud beginning to be a rose. It was a splendid afternoon!

After we had found the bud beginning to be a rose we sat down together under the rose-bush. Betty sat on the thick green grass, and I lay comfortably on her soft lap and purred.

"We have jumped so much that I am a little tired, and I feel hot," she said. "Are you tired, kitty? Isn't it nice under the rose-bush? and won't it be a beautiful place for a tea party when all the white roses are out? Perhaps there will be some out to-morrow. We'll come in the morning and see."

Perhaps she was more tired than she knew. I don't think she meant to go to sleep, but presently her head began to droop, and her eyes to close, and in a little while she sank down softly and was quite gone.

I left her lap and crept up close to the breast of her little white frock, and curled up in her arm, and lay and purred, and looked at her while she slept. I did so like to look at her. She was so pretty and pink and plump, and she had such a lot of soft curls. They were crushed under her warm cheek and scattered on the grass. I played with them a little while she lay there, but I did it very quietly, so that I would not disturb her.

She was lying under the white rose-bush, still asleep, and I was curled up against her breast watching her, when her mamma came out with her papa, and they found us.

"Oh, how pretty!" the mamma said. "What a lovely little picture! Betty and her kitten asleep under the white rose-bush, and just one rose watching over them! I wonder if Betty saw it before she dropped off! She has been looking at the buds every day to see if they were beginning to be roses."

"She looks like a rose herself," said her papa, "but it is a pink rose. How rosy she is!"

He picked her up in his arms and carried her into the house. She did not waken, and as I was not allowed to sleep with her, I could not follow; so I stayed behind under the rose-bush myself a little longer before I went to bed. When I looked at the buds, I saw that there were several with streaks of white showing through the green,

and there were three that I was sure would be roses in the morning; and I knew how happy Betty would be, and how she would laugh and dance when she saw them.

I often hear people saying to each other that they should like to understand the strange way I have of suddenly saying "Meeiaou! Meeiaou!" as if I was crying. It seems strange to me that they don't know what it means. I always find myself saying it when I remember that lovely afternoon when we played so happily, and Betty fell asleep under the rose-bush, and I thought how pleased she would be when she came out in the morning.

I can't help it. Everything was so different from what I had thought it would be. Betty never came out in the morning. Oh dear! oh dear! she never came out again!

I got up early enough myself, and it was a beautiful, beautiful morning. There was dew on the grass and on the flowers, and the sun made it sparkle so that it was lovely to look at. I did so want Betty to see it! I ran to the white rose-bush, and, sure enough, there were four or five roses—such white roses, and with such sparkling drops of dew on them!

I ran back to the house, and called to Betty, as I always did. I wanted her to come.

But she did not come! She was not even at breakfast, eating her bread and milk. I looked for her everywhere except in her bedroom. Her bedroom door was closed, and I could not get in.

And though I called and called, nobody seemed to take any notice of me. Somehow something seemed to be the matter. The house was even quieter than usual, but I felt as if every one was busy and in trouble. I kept asking and asking where Betty was, but nobody would answer me. Once I went to her closed bedroom door and called her there, and told her about the white roses, and asked her why she did not come out. But before I had really finished telling her, my feelings were quite hurt by her papa. He came and spoke to me in a way that was not kind.

"Go away, kitty," he said. "Don't make such a noise; you will disturb Betty."

I went away waving my tail. I went out into the garden and sat under the rose-bush. As if I could disturb Betty! As if Betty did not always want me! She wanted me to sleep with her in her little bed, but her mamma would not let me.

But—ah! how could I believe it?—she did not come out the next day, or the next, or even the next. It seemed as if I should go wild. People can ask questions, but a little cat is nothing to anybody, unless to some one like Betty. She always understood my questions and answered them.

In the house they would not answer me. They were always busy and troubled. It did not seem like the same house. Nothing seemed the same. The garden was a different place. In the play-house the Sunday Doll and the Every-day Doll sat and stared at the tea-things we had used that happy afternoon at the party. The Sunday Doll sat bolt upright and looked prouder than ever, as if she felt she was being neglected; but the Every-day Doll lopped over, as if she had grieved her strength away because Betty did not come.

I had made up my mind at the first tea-party that I would never speak to the Sunday Doll, but one day I was so lonely and helpless that I could not help it.

"Oh dear!" I meeioued, "oh dear, do you know anything about Betty? Do you—do you?"

And that heartless thing only sat up and stared at me, and never answered, though the tears were streaming down my nose.

What could a poor little cat do? I looked and looked everywhere, but I could not find her. I went round the house and round the house, and called in every room. But they only drove me out, and said I made too much noise, and never understood a word I said.

And the white rose-bush—it seemed as if it would break my heart. "There will be more roses—and more roses," Betty had said, and every morning it was coming true. I used to go and sit under it, and I had to count ten over and over, there were so many. It was such a great rose-

¹ Copyright by Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1894.

bush that it looked at last like a cloud of snow-white bloom—and Betty had never seen it.

"Ah, Betty, Betty!" I used to cry when I had counted so many tens that I was tired. "Oh, do come and see how beautiful it is, and let us have our tea-party! Oh, White Rose-Bush, where is she?" They drove me out of the house so many times that I had no courage, but one morning the white rose-bush was so splendid that I made one desperate effort. I went to the bedroom door, and rubbed against it and called with all my strength.

"Betty, if you are there—Betty, if you love me at all, oh, speak to me and tell me what I have done! The white rose-bush has tens and tens and tens of flowers upon it. It is like snow. Don't you care about it? Oh, do come out and see! Betty, Betty, I am so lonely for you, and I love you so!"

And the door actually opened, and her mamma stood there looking at me, with great tears rolling down her cheeks. She bent down and took me in her arms and stroked me.

"Perhaps she will know it," she said, in a low, strange voice to some one in the room. She turned and carried me into the bedroom, and I saw that it was Betty's papa she had spoken to.

The next instant I sprang out of her arms on to the bed. Betty was there—my Betty!

It seemed as if I felt myself lose my senses. My Betty! I kissed her and kissed her and kissed her! I rubbed her little hands, her cheeks, her curls; I kissed her and purred and cried.

"Betty," said her mamma, "Betty darling, don't you know your own little kitty?"

Why did not she? Why did she not? Her cheeks were hot and red, her curls were spread out over the pillow, her pansy eyes did not seem to see me, and her little head moved drearily to and fro.

Her mamma took me in her arms again, and, as she carried me out of the room, her tears fell on me.

"She does not know you, kitty," she said; "poor kitty, you will have to go away."

I cannot understand it. I sit by the fire and think and think, but I cannot understand. She went away after that, and I never saw her again.

I have never felt like a kitten since that time.

I went and sat under the white rose-bush all day, and slept there all night.

The next day there were more roses than ever, and I made up my mind that I would try to be patient and stay there and watch them until Betty came to see. But two or three days after, in the fresh part of the morning, when everything was loveliest, her mamma came out, walking slowly straight towards the bush. She stood still a few moments and looked at it, and her tears fell so fast that they were like dew on the white roses as she bent over. She began to gather the prettiest buds and blossoms one by one. Her tears were falling all the time, so that I wondered how she could see what she was doing; but she gathered until her arms and her dress were full—she gathered every one! And when the bush was stripped of all but its green leaves, I gave a little heartbroken cry—because they were Betty's roses, and she had so loved them when they were only hard little buds—and she looked down and saw me, and, oh! her tears fell then—not like dew, but like rain.

"Betty," she said—"kitty, Betty has gone—where—where there are roses—always."

And she went slowly back to the house, with all my Betty's white roses heaped up in her arms. She never told me where my Betty had gone—no one did. And no more roses came out on the bush. I sat under it and watched, because I hoped it would bloom again.

I sat there for hours and hours, and at last, while I was waiting, I saw something strange. People had been going in and out of the house all morning. They kept coming and bringing flowers, and when they went away most of them had tears in their eyes. And in the afternoon there were more than there had been in the morning. I had

got so tired that I forgot and fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened by hearing many footsteps going slowly down the garden walk towards the gate.

They all seemed to be people who were going away. And first there walked before them two men who were carrying a beautiful white and silver box of some kind on their shoulders. They moved very slowly, and their heads were bent as they walked. But the white and silver box was beautiful. It shone in the sun, and, oh, how my heart beat!—all my Betty's snow-white roses were heaped upon and wreathed around it. And I sat under the stripped rose-bush breaking my heart. She had gone away, my little Betty, and I did not know where; and all I could think was that this was the very last I should ever see of her, because I thought there must be something which had belonged to her in the white and silver box under the roses—and because she was gone they were carrying that away, too.

"Oh, my Betty, my Betty! and I am only a little cat who sits by the fire and thinks, while nobody seems to care or understand how lonely and puzzled I am, and how I long for some kind person to explain. And I could not bear it, but that we loved each other so much that it comforts me to think of it. And I loved her so much that when I say to myself, over and over again, what her mamma said to me, it almost makes me happy again—almost, not quite, because I'm so lonely. But if it is true, even a little cat who loved her would be happy for her sake.

"Betty has gone—where there are always roses. Betty has gone—where there are always roses."



The Bicycle in the Army

The bicycle in this country has been a medium of pleasure until recently, when its value has been tested in carrying the United States mail to places remote from the railroad stations, while in some cities it has been employed successfully for business purposes. In Europe it is a part of the equipment of the armies in Holland; every proficient rider over twenty-one who enters the army is ranked as a corporal, and paid fifty guildens a year for the use of his machine. He receives instruction from appointed officers on military affairs. In return the candidates pledge themselves to service whenever called upon for a period of five years, and to attend military maneuvers at least three weeks of each year. In Portugal the bicycle is popular with the military authorities. A prize is given in Spain to the best riders. The bicycle corps is used for carrying dispatches, etc. Spain trains her soldiers in bicycle-riding. In Bulgaria to every six divisions one non-commissioned officer and eight men are assigned as the bicycle corps. In Denmark bicycling is taught to a given number of recruits. In France two men in every regiment are assigned to bicycle work. These men wear the infantry uniform, and are armed with revolvers. They are taught to survey roads and bridges, and to read military maps, and become an important part of the service.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, of the United States Army, says: "In my opinion the bicycle will be of great value in military operations, not only for the use of couriers in carrying dispatches, but also for moving bodies of soldiers, with their arms, swiftly from one point to another. There is no doubt in my mind that during the next great war the bicycle will become a most important machine for military purposes."

The boy who learns to ride well may be training for public service. No machine runs well unless it is well cared for. The New York "Times" says:

The proper care of a bicycle at the seashore is a very simple matter. Many riders imagine that, on account of the heavy, damp atmospheric conditions, a machine is bound to rust, in spite of frequent rubbings. Oil on a soft cloth or waste is very good, but the best thing is vaseline. This used on all parts of a cycle after a run will keep it bright and free from rust. The same treatment applies to the interior or drier sections, where the metal is less liable to climatic influences.

The Life of Christ

XV.—Elements of His Popularity¹

By Lyman Abbott

Jesus Christ was one of the most popular preachers in history. Without advantages which often confer a factitious popularity upon the preacher, without a great cathedral, fine music, a fashionable following; without any of the other, and what we may call accidental, advantages which often legitimately add to the popularity of great preachers; without the use of rhetorical, elocutionary, or dramatic arts, and certainly without any of those vices which sometimes make a public speaker dishonorably popular; without pandering to the people's pride and prejudice—Jesus Christ attracted great throngs wherever he went. Once the people tried to crown him king; more than once he deliberately put this popularity away from him, by declaring to the crowds that gathered to listen to him that to listen was nothing without obedience, and that to obey was impossible without self-sacrifice. The chapter which has been selected for our study to-day both gives evidence of his popularity and gives some illustrations of it.

In Jesus Christ's teaching, religion and philanthropy—that is, reverence for God and practical love of and service for man—were inseparably joined together. This has by no means been always the case in the history of the world. Its temples have not always been fountains of charity and kindness. It is true that the laws of Moses abounded with philanthropic precepts, but it is also true that the Pharisaic Church had forgotten this aspect of the Mosaic law. The universal treatment of disease illustrates the inhumanity of man in Palestine in the first century. Disease was universally regarded as a curse of God, and universally alienated the sufferer from human sympathy. The blind man was supposed to be suffering for his own or his parents' sin; the leper was an outcast, and the pious rabbi declared that he was to be stoned if he drew near to men; the lunatic was left to wander friendless and alone among the tombs. At such a time as this Christ came to preach and practice a philanthropic religion. He told the fishermen how to cast their nets that they might get a great catch of fish; he fed the hungry people, too famished and faint to return to their homes after a day's preaching; he interrupted the synagogue service to heal the paralyzed; he reached forth his hand to touch the unclean leper and make him whole; he stopped the funeral upon the street to restore the only son to his mother, and she a widow.

Nor was this sympathy confined to those who were physically suffering. The Pharisees belonged to a class and spoke to a class. Jesus Christ came from the common people and spoke to the common people. Long before Burns he declared that "A man's a man for a' that." He declared that the rich man who cared not for the suffering poor was worse than the beggar that lay at his door; that the successful man who accumulated wealth for his own self-indulgent pleasure was a fool; that the publican seeking to be delivered from sin was more acceptable than the Pharisee who boasted of his righteousness; that to do righteously in daily life was better than to be punctilious in temple sacrifices. He practiced what he preached, gathered his disciples from the common people, lived among them, shared their life.

The unphilanthropic and class religion of the Pharisees was ascetic. To the one fast of the Mosaic law they had added a number of others. The devout Pharisee fasted on the fourth day of the month, because on that day Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem; on the fifth day of the month, because on that day the Temple had been burned; on the seventh day of the month, because on that day the Jewish Governor of Jerusalem had been murdered; on the tenth day of the month, because on that day Jerusalem had been besieged by the Chaldeans; on the fifth day of each week, because on that day Moses went up to the

Mount for the Law; and on the second day of each week, because on that day Moses brought the Law down from the Mount. Thus religion sat in sackcloth and ashes. Men were taught that to be religious was to be sad of visage and thin of flesh. Christ swept all this away.

If religion in the first century was largely ascetic, it was still more rigorous and burdensome—a religion of petty rules and regulations. Religion as taught by the Pharisees seemed to be perpetually saying to mankind, "Thou shalt not." A striking illustration of this restrictive character is afforded by the laws respecting cleanness and uncleanness. A great variety of objects were declared unclean; so many that there was always danger that one should pollute himself in the daily contacts of life. Out of this grew an elaborate ritual of washing, prescribed to the last detail. Not less restrictive and burdensome were the regulations respecting devotion. The prayers must be repeated in a certain manner, and with certain gestures and postures, or all was in vain. This whole notion of religion as a restriction Christ resolutely and vigorously condemned. He called his disciples unto freedom, and he exercised the freedom himself to which he summoned them.

Couple with this his disregard of traditional theology, his simplification of the religious life, his comprehension of it all in the one word Love, his inspiration of hope in hearts dulled by despair, his teaching that God is the Father of the whole human race, and that every child may find help and hope from him. His sympathy for men was so broad and deep that neither class nor ceremony, nor the lack of either, nor even personal sinfulness, could debar the soul from that sympathy. In these things we get a suggestion of some of the elements in the character and teaching of this new prophet, whose ministry filled the people with enthusiasm and the Pharisees with amazement and indignation.

The five incidents in the Scripture passage suggested for our study for to-day illustrate the breadth of this sympathy of Christ. It overleaped all barriers of race. When the Jews came to intercede with Jesus for a Roman centurion, whose servant, dear to him, was sick, they pleaded for this pagan, saying, "He is worthy because he loveth our nation, and has built us a synagogue." But Christ, perceiving in the centurion's message the evidence at once of his humility and his faith, declared that, Roman though he was, he was the superior of the Israelites who had so patronizingly commended him. In Paris, when the funeral passes down the street, the bystanders stop and doff their hats until at least the hearse has gone by. In Palestine they fall into the train and swell the procession to the grave. Strange was the meeting between the two bands outside the city of Nain: the one, a band of mourners following the bier to its grave, swelled by "much people" who had joined the procession; the other, the incoming band of Christ and his disciples, full of the joy of the anticipated kingdom which he had come to proclaim. But the forces of that kingdom were not so great but that he could stop in the highway, approach the bier, speak to the dead who lay upon it, and turn the funeral procession into one as joyous as that which it had met. Some attempt had apparently been made to create a rivalry between the disciples of John and of Jesus. The methods of the two prophets were, as I have already pointed out, radically different; and John, shut up in the Castle of Machærus and beginning to despair, sent his disciples to learn whether this Jesus whom he had baptized was really the Messiah or not. The unstinted eulogy which Christ pronounced in the ears of all the people upon John the Baptizer afforded to them a new illustration of the sympathy of this prophet, who could see the heart of a great truth behind unwise methods of expression and imperfect plans of reform. To the generous spirit which perceives the good, no matter how roughly it may be clothed, the heart of the common people always responds. Most striking of all these illustrations is that afforded by the incident of the anointing by the woman "which was a sinner." Notwithstanding eighteen centuries of Christian teaching, there are few of Christ's disciples who have any word of sympathy or hope for a fallen woman. Who has not longed to know what

¹ Bible Study Union Lesson No. 16. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 9. (December 2.) Luke vii., 1-58-viii., 1-3.

were the words of Jesus Christ which brought the penitential tears to this woman's eyes and inspired her hands to essay the sacred office of anointing? Those words have been lost, but the incident remains, one of the most pathetic in Scripture, to show the depth, the tenderness, and the comprehensiveness of Christ's sympathy, which welcomed the touch of the sinful as well as of the ceremonially unclean, if perhaps thereby forgiveness and healing might be imparted. It was a novel sight in Palestine to see women accompanying a religious teacher, ministering to him and received by him into the circle of his disciples; for Pharisaism scoffed at womanhood. To teach religion to a woman was regarded as hardly better than to teach it to a pagan; to receive women into the infant Church on terms of approximate equality with men was to shock all the prejudices of the best society, but it was also to arouse all the enthusiasm which lay dormant and awaiting resurrection in the hearts of the peasantry.

Thus the same acts which excited and united all the class elements of hostility in a bitter campaign against the Christ, by their appeal to that in man which is deeper than ceremonial or convention, aroused in the hearts of the common people an enthusiasm for this prophet of faith and hope and love.



Books and Authors

The Manxman¹



Hall Caine

The three most popular English novels of the season are beyond question "Marcella," "Trilby," and "The Manxman." Mr. Meredith's new story may be in thought and in subjective knowledge of human nature equal to any of the three—and some fervent admirers would doubtless say that it is in these respects equal to all three taken together—but, as was pointed out in our review of "Lord Ormout and His Aminta,"

Mr. Meredith's audience is necessarily limited. That the three stories we have named should receive almost equal appreciation proves that the taste of the readers of English fiction is catholic indeed. For these novels are as unlike as possible in literary method, in subject, and in treatment. That the same immense reading public avidly buys all three shows once more that there is no single and absolute standard, no pressing law of unities, in this branch of our literature. To be among the best of its kind is for an English novel more important than to be of a particular kind.

In "The Manxman" Mr. Caine returns to the scene of "The Deemster," and to a "locale" which he has made peculiarly his own. The Isle of Man, with its hardy, honest, superstitious fishermen; its Celtic dialect, like and yet unlike that of the Irish coast; its peculiar laws and customs; its poverty in property, and wealth of queer characters and legends and old-time stories—this out-of-the-way island, once a kingdom by itself, offers a tempting subject, and one that no one but Mr. Caine (if we except Scott in his "Peveril of the Peak") has exploited. The local color and atmosphere of "The Manxman" show the closest intimacy with Manx characters and customs. There is, therefore, that union of realism with imagination which insures success in fiction. Like "The Deemster," the story is somberly powerful, but it is less depressing in tone. In the earlier book the reader was positively oppressed with the gloom of the overhanging clouds; here, though the main situation is painful and pitiful, the treatment is more restrained and the touch lighter. It is Mr. Caine's fault as a literary artist that he sometimes allows his feeling to master him, and becomes over-

wrought in expression. This fault is less evident in "The Manxman" than in any of his other important books; perhaps it is most evident in "The Scapegoat."

There are but three really important characters in the book—for the half-fanatic, half-hypocrite Cæsar (preacher and innkeeper), though he is of great use in adding raciness and humor to the book, is rather a sketch than a rounded character. Of these three, two are men, boyhood friends; the one (Philip) a lad of good birth and remarkable gifts, who in the end becomes Deemster or chief law-officer of the island; the other (Pete) an ignorant, ill-born fisher-boy, with a jovial temper, a faithful heart, and a strong arm. The story need not be told here in detail of Pete's love for Cæsar's daughter Kate; of how he went far away to seek his fortune, leaving Philip to watch over his sweetheart; of how Philip loved and fought against his love, and only yielded when Pete was reported dead; of how, upon Pete's return, Philip dared not face the consequences of his now guilty love, and shrank from the marriage he was bound to offer Kate, both through fear of Pete and from dread of its influence on his own public life; of how Pete loved and trusted his sweetheart and his friend; and of how their sin brought its bitter punishment and was atoned for only by public humiliation and self-abasement. There is hardly anything in fiction more pathetic or noble than Pete's love and sacrifice; though one feels that a little more righteous indignation would not have been misplaced, and that with Pete the love for his boy-playfellow was more dominant than the love for sweetheart and wife.

The story is told with high literary art. The chief characters have life and individuality; the action is brisk; the dialogue is natural; the plot is well put together; the style is strong and effective. "The Manxman" is Mr. Caine's best novel.

It will be seen that this novel touches the question of social purity, as do also "Trilby" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," but it is in no uncertain way; here there can be no possible doubt as to the moral influence of the book. Sin, suffering, atonement—this is the order, as it must be in life. The power of love through self-sacrifice to purify and redeem—this, as we understand it, is Mr. Caine's theme in "The Manxman."



Periods of European History. Period I., 476-918, by Charles Oman, M.A., F.S.A. Period V., 1598-1715, by Henry Ottley Wakeman, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) These are two numbers of a series that aims to tell again, and with the advantage of the latest and completest accumulations of information, the story of the life of Europe during the Middle Ages and modern times, down to the present day. The work is one that needs to be done, and this series will serve as a convenient handbook. Mr. Oman has managed to compress into his volume a full account, which leaves nothing to be complained of in the way of omissions. The ground traversed by Gibbon is here gone over, with a complete account of Eastern affairs. The Mohammedan invasions, the Lombard Kingdom and its relation to the Papacy, the rise and domination of the "Mayors of the Palace," are subjects that one finds well considered (for a rarity) in this book. Beyond a few errors, obviously typographical or clerical, we find no serious inaccuracies. The work may safely be commended as an admirable text-book of the history of the period. Mr. Wakeman has taken the growth and development of France as a center about which to arrange his history of the rest of Europe. With all his carefulness he has not escaped writing what is, in the main, a history of France. It is, however, a good history of France, written on broad lines and in its widest relations. His estimation of the policy of Richelieu and Mazarin is fair enough as an account of the effect upon France itself, but Mr. Wakeman hardly indicates the extensive effects upon the course of European events. The history of Portugal is altogether omitted, and the affairs of Spain are only touched upon. The limitations of one volume demand some omissions; the most serious omission is the lack of any adequate consideration of the life and thought of the people during this period.

Reminiscences of Excursions Round the Base of Helicon, Undertaken for the Most Part in Early Manhood, by Mr. Grant Allen. The title tells a self-evident truth so far as the early manhood is concerned. Just why the author's extremely youthful cynicism should be printed at all is puzzling, but that it

¹ *The Manxman*. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

should be printed after he has attained years of discretion seems incredible. Yet here it is in all its horribleness:

If woman's virtue cost so much to keep,
Good friend, is woman's virtue worth the price?

Despite this devil's doctrine, there are some clever things in the book. It is a pity that all of them have not more of the spirit of the song to the three French Republics:

1789—1848—1870

The song of nations. Sing and clap your hands;
Burst into blossom, all ye barren lands:

She comes, to break the linked chains asunder,
And snap in twain the adamant bands.

She came before. Her cruel face and fair
Smote all our breasts with infinite despair:
She passed. The brightness of her lurid beauty
Was fiercer than our dazzled eyes could bear.

She came again. In milder mien she came,
With fruits and flowers crowned, but still the same.
One lurid day crushed down her risen splendor;
She passed in murky clouds of smoke and flame.

Once more she comes. Surely our hearts are tried,
And every lesser passion cast aside:
Shall she not dwell among us now for ever,
Our one and only love, our deathless bride?

The titles "A Ballade of Evolution," "In Coral Land," "Only an Insect," "Animalcular Theology," and "To Herbert Spencer" indicate the trend of Mr. Grant Allen's verse. It is often better than his prose, but that is not very exalted praise. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.)

The Psychic Factors of Civilization, by Lester F. Ward, is a close and thoughtful criticism of Spencer's "Principles of Sociology," and of the author's own former book, "Dynamic Sociology." First of all, then, we say that it is a book for the student of sociology, and perhaps also of history. It will be necessary to come to its perusal with an unbiased mind. The questions discussed are, What are the forces of society? and, What is the way of controlling these forces? Sociology, Mr. Ward perceives, rests finally upon psychology. This is a great and important truth that many well-meaning sociologists have failed to discern. If one studies the Gospels carefully, he will find there a wonderful correspondence with the best results of modern psychology. The best preaching is done by those who have studied psychology. The school-teacher is not prepared for his work without a course in psychology. In other ways it is plain how Mr. Ward's position is true. All this takes for granted that the soul is a factor in the evolution of humanity. Our author thinks it is a powerful factor. Matter or external force has also its place, but when we come to reflect how large a part of what we commonly call the outer world is, after all, a part of our subjective sensation, then the inner man assumes a larger part in the evolution of the race than Mr. Spencer has allowed. Mr. J. S. Mill did greater justice to this matter. Mr. Ward has some illuminative things to say on the subject of social consciousness, social will, and social intellect, that we commend to the attention of all students of what is now being called "applied Christianity," for he goes down to the bottom of the great sociological problem. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

The Asmonæan period is the heroic age of the history of Israel. Major Claude Conder has republished among the Palestine Exploration Fund books his account of *Judas Maccabæus and the Jewish War of Independence*. The history opens with chapters on the life, literature, politics, and religion of Jewry during what has been called "the night of Hebrew history." There are many inaccuracies in this part of the book, to some of which the author has alluded in the preface to this new edition, while some of them he passes over. His narrative of the Maccabæan struggle is the better and the trustworthy portion of the book. It is told in good and straightforward style, without any heed to controverted points. When Major Conder says that the Messianic spirit came into Jewry upon the fall of the Asmonæan house, we do not believe him. The scope of this history of the Asmonæans is from Mattathias to the fall of the sons of Alexander Jannæus. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

We experience pleasure and edification in taking up a commentary like that of Professor W. H. Bennett on *The Books of Chronicles* (The Expositor's Bible, A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York), for the commentary is on a plan so fresh and strong. The writer undertakes to examine into the characters and into the social life of the times comprised by the narrative of the books discussed. The result yielded by this method is most suggestive and illuminating. Professor Bennett studies his material in an unbiased spirit, ready to learn whatever the narrative has to teach. When once we come to recognize in Biblical criticism what we do not know, we are on the road to a real and novel knowledge of the subject. This volume of the famous

series now reaching its consummation will not disappoint the candid student.

Dr. Otto Pfeiderer's "Gifford Lectures" filled with dismay some of the less radical Scotch theologians, and in particular the Rev. Drs. Rainy, Charteris, Orr, and Dods, who are convinced that the German rationalist left out of Christianity its very heart and vital principle. They delivered some counter-blasts at the conclusion of the Gifford course by Dr. Pfeiderer, and these lectures are printed together in a book under the title *The Supernatural in Christianity*. Our own opinion will be more suitably expressed in the review of Pfeiderer's Gifford Lectures, "The Philosophy and Development of Religion," which has recently been published. Meanwhile the Scotch professors are able to get a large hearing, and deserve serious attention. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Dawn of Christianity; or, Studies of the Apostolic Church, by Henry C. Vedder, is a text-book for young people's and Bible classes among the Baptists. Dr. Vedder's ability in this line will need no assistance to make the book known to those who read the "Examiner." Those interested in the purpose for which the book was prepared, and those who may wish to discover what the Baptists think about the matter of the early history of the Church, will avail themselves of the author's clear and orderly account. It is elementary in character, and denominational in its general tone. (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

Emily Huntington Miller's *Home Talks About the Word* are too well known to our readers to need many words from us. They first appeared in these columns during a series of years. We believe them to be spiritualized common sense brought to bear upon the problem of teaching Jesus to the little ones at home. This many a mother has brought to practical proof, and no doubt many will welcome these "home talks" as a strong help in a work than which none can be more important. The book is furnished with pictures to impress its lesson upon the child mind. (Hunt & Eaton, New York.)



Literary Notes

—The fourth volume of Schiller's letters, containing many never before printed, has just been issued at Stuttgart.

—"Current Literature" states that in Portugal if a married woman publishes literary works without her husband's consent the law frees him from her at once.

—A volume of "Tales of the Punjab, Told by the People," and written by Mrs. Steel, will be published by Macmillan & Co. It will be illustrated by Mr. J. L. Kipling, the father of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

—A letter of Robert Browning was recently sold in London, in which he speaks enthusiastically of the liberal treatment his wife received from American publishers. They paid her \$100 apiece for her poems, and offered \$2,600 a year for an amount of labor which would cost his wife and himself but a single morning a week. The letter was written from Florence in 1860.

—Archdeacon Farrar has long been at work on a book to be called "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art," which will, it is hoped, be ready before Christmas. One object of the book will be to show how widely the theological and religious views of later times differ from that simplicity of which we possess the disappearing records in the many paintings of the Catacombs during the first three centuries. The book will be profusely illustrated.

—Under the title "The Mania for the Inedited" the New York "Nation" makes these sound observations:

Next to the Napoleonic literary revival, nothing has been more striking in the publishing annals of the past year or two than the flood of material of all sorts bearing the proud device, "Never before published." In this class, of course, must be included much that is of the highest value. Memoirs such as those of Marbot improve with age like wine, and emerge from their dusty pigeonholes with a fresher interest than one in a thousand of the books which are heralded as "the very latest." Even in the more dubious field of private letters, some of the "finds" seized upon to float a new magazine into notice have been worthy to rank with the Thackeray *trouvailles* in "Scribner's" and elsewhere, and the Feuilleton correspondence of the "Revue de Paris." But of a great deal of this matter it must frankly be said that the fact that it never before had been published does not at all reconcile us to its publishing now. Too much of it is the mere sweepings of portfolios, the rejected trivialities of the wiser biographer or editor of other days. The complaint which Carlyle made of the Dryasdust Publishing Societies of his day may with justice be urged against those who threaten to whelm us moderns in deep waters of the inedited: "Alas, they have not the slightest talent for knowing, first of all, what *not* to print; what, as a thing dead and incapable of ever interesting or profiting a human creature more, ought not to be printed again to steal away the valuable cash and the valuable time and patience of any man again!"

[For list of Books Received see page 519]

The Religious World

As another year of its existence draws to a close, the friends of the oldest missionary society in the United States are called once more to face serious financial difficulties. The condition is no more critical than that of other missionary societies in this and other lands. The year has been one of great progress in many ways. United and harmonious, if it had not been for the financial depression which has affected the whole country, the past year would probably have been one of the most prosperous in the history of the Board. The income from all sources during the year is in excess of that of the previous year, and yet the Board faces a debt of over \$100,000. All who love foreign mission work, and who believe that the American Congregational churches are called to a peculiar leadership in this service, should rally to the support of this grand old society. Its anniversary will be held early next month, in Madison, Wis. So far as we know, it has now an absolutely united constituency. The debt ought to be removed before the meeting of the Board. Gifts should not be limited to church contributions, but individuals should unite in a common effort for the aid of the society, and to make it possible that the new year may open with a financial outlook adequate to the work which the society has in hand. The Treasurer is Langdon S. Ward, No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston. The financial report of the year is a matter of sufficient importance for us to give it somewhat in detail; the figures are as follows:

YEAR ENDING AUGUST 31, 1894			
Debt, September 1, 1894.....		\$88,318	73
Disbursements, 12 months to August 31, 1894.....		733,051	53
		\$821,370	26
	1893.	1894.	
Donations as acknowledged in "Missionary Herald".....	\$483,187	78	\$483,107 21
Legacies as acknowledged in "Missionary Herald".....	146,759	00	183,768 51
Receipts from all sources—including the Asa Otis Legacy and interest.....	679,285	94	705,132 70
Expenses in 1894 \$35,282.13 less than in 1893, of which \$5,894.40 were saved in agencies and administration.			
Total disbursements.....		\$821,370	26
" receipts.....		705,132	70
Debt, August 31, 1894.....		\$116,237	56

The New Tremont Temple The corner-stone of the new edifice to be known as the Tremont Temple in Boston was laid with impressive ceremonies at noon September 17. It will be remembered that this great Baptist temple was burned about a year ago. The stone was laid by the pastor, the Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., and the chief address was also delivered by him. A number of ministers of various denominations in Boston were present and took part in the service. Among other things, Dr. Lorimer said: "The church whose corner-stone is laid to-day was originally dedicated to the welfare of the people, without distinction of race or color or degree or social standing. Here the cause of the slave has been pleaded by the immortal lips of Phillips and of Garrison; here the varied interests of industry have found advocates, the cause of degraded childhood and depressed and abused womanhood a champion; and it may be said, with the old Latin, that no human interest has ever failed to find a sympathetic response upon this spot. As it has been in the past, so in the future, and yet, we trust, far more abundantly." The old Tremont Temple cost over \$230,000, and was built by the Evangelical Baptist Benevolent and Missionary Society. The church was conducted on a free-seat basis. The building was the Baptist headquarters for New England. In its large hall most of the lectures of Joseph Cook were delivered, and many of the most important religious gatherings of various denominations in New England were held. The seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Board was celebrated there. What the old building was in the past we presume the new building will be in the future. Dr. Lorimer is one of the most vigorous and popular ministers in his denomination. The Tremont Temple is pre-eminently Boston's People's Church.

The New York "World" has recently devoted a long article to a discriminating and sympathetic review of the life and work of the great Archbishop of St. Paul. The place which this man occupies in the religious and social life of the United States justifies the attention which has been given to him. He is one of the strongest religious forces in the United States. The article to which we have referred speaks of him as a "man of his own age," possessed of a "masterful mind," "a champion of the poor," "a stalwart advocate of social purity," "one who occupies the same place in relation to the labor problems here that Cardinal Manning occupied in England," "a strenuous opponent of Cahenslyism," "one irrevocably opposed to the color line," "one who is playing a large part in the problem of education," himself taking a liberal view, and one whose noblest and most far-reaching work is in behalf of "the reconciliation of the Church and the age." All interested in the advancement of religion in this country, however strenuously they may be opposed to the Roman Church as an institution, cannot help acknowledging that Archbishop Ireland is in the true Apostolic succession. If he had done nothing but give the force of his mighty influence in behalf of the temperance cause, he would deserve to be held in loving remembrance by all who seek the highest welfare of the American people. While we may not be able to understand how a man with such a spirit can remain in the Roman Catholic communion, we do not for a moment question his honesty, or fail to recognize the magnificent influence for good which he is exerting in his own Church and throughout the country. We believe that he himself spoke prophetic words at a banquet of the Loyal Legion in New York when he said: "Storms are passing over the land, rising from sectarian hatred and nativist or foreign prejudices. These are scarcely to be heeded; they cannot last. Day by day the spirit of Americanism waxes strong; narrowness of thought and unreasoning strife cannot resist its influence."

Christian Lectures in Japan The Rev. M. L. Gordon, D.D., writing, we believe, in the "Missionary Herald," gives an account of a course of lectures recently delivered before the students of the theological department of the Doshisha at Kioto. The lectures were on practical topics of interest to those engaged in preaching and pastoral work, and were delivered by Japanese pastors. They show that, however far some may have drifted from the faith of the churches, the great body of Christian leaders in Japan are still devoted and faithful evangelical Christians. The first lecture was by the Rev. T. Harada, whom many of our readers will remember to have heard with pleasure both in this country and in England. He spoke concerning "The Pastor in His Study." The second lecture was by the Rev. T. Osada, and contained some sentences which show how much progress Christianity has made in Japan. He said: "Consult freely with the women of the church; make them your allies. You cannot succeed without them. Consult with the children. They are the future church members. Encourage infant baptism. Make much of the children's prayer-meeting." He said that he had recently made an analysis of one hundred conversions, and had found that the largest number of converts were made through the personal love and kindness of Christians; the next through home influence; the third through Christian hymns. "And so," he said, "be above all things *men of love*." Five lectures were delivered by the Rev. S. T. Miyagawa, who spoke on "The Preacher," "Preaching," "The Pastor," "Pastoral Work," "The Evangelist and Evangelistic Work." One extract from Dr. Gordon's letter is worth quoting: "The first requisite of the preacher, said the lecturer, is spiritual power. Nothing can take the place of this. This power is to be acquired (1) through a firm grasp of vital Christian truths—'God is our Father;' 'we are, through Christ, God's beloved children;' 'we are redeemed by the sufferings of Christ in Gethsemane and on Calvary;' (2) by prayer. In speaking of methods of persuading men, he said the preacher should use (1) spiritual means; (2) he should appeal to the sense of responsibility; (3) he should seek to make every man feel that he had a divine mission." We are much interested in these lectures, as well as in an article, the substance of which

we hope to give in our next issue, concerning the present situation in Japan. Without doubt there has been room for anxiety concerning the tendencies of some of the Christian leaders in that country, but we are informed on unquestionable authority that the tendency away from evangelical Christianity has been greatly exaggerated. These lectures, in such a place as the Doshisha, by pastors of Kumi-ai churches, show that the old faith has strong and vigorous defenders in the places of largest influence.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. C. S. Pomeroy, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, the city of Cleveland and the denomination lose one of their most distinguished men. The church of which he was pastor occupied a unique position, and his ministry was for many years recognized as one of peculiar vitality and force. He was a man of real largeness of life. In speaking of him the "Evangelist" says that "the secret of his power among men was this 'eloquence of vital force.'" He was one of its best representatives. Thousands besides those who have had the privilege of knowing him intimately and enjoying his ministrations feel a sense of personal loss. We have never seen or known Dr. Pomeroy, and yet the influence of his life and teachings, and the peculiar weight which seemed to belong to his utterances, have made him seem like an old and trusted friend. The ability which some possess of thus entering into and becoming a part of the lives of others is a peculiar and blessed gift. It is a gift which this pastor possessed in an eminent degree.

The Local Church and its Environment As a rule, the annual reports of the churches are very much alike, and to most persons are not interesting reading. We have found an exception to this rule in the account of what is being done by the Second Church of Bennington, Vt., the Rev. C. R. Seymour, pastor. What especially attracts our attention in the work of this church is the vigorous effort which it has made to evangelize its environment. The church is situated, as are many others in New England and elsewhere, in the midst of smaller communities where no regular services are held, and yet where there is far more spiritual destitution than at first appears. There is nothing unique in the church itself. It has a membership of about four hundred and twenty, and raises for all purposes about six thousand dollars a year. It is distinguished only by its recognition of responsibility for the surrounding districts and its admirable organization. For instance, we find this one church either holding services or providing for them in four other localities besides its own. One is eight miles distant, another three miles, and all are far enough away to require both effort and sacrifice on the part of those doing the work. In one place a church nearly dead was reinvigorated and helped to self-support; elsewhere Sunday-schools and religious services are maintained; in one place help was provided to purchase a parsonage, and in another to erect a chapel. By a simple inductive study of the region in which the church is situated, and a resolute and intelligent endeavor to discharge evident responsibilities, an entirely new aspect has been given to a large and important but neglected field. The pastor himself, who must be something of a general as well as a spiritual teacher, says: "Of one thing I am convinced: God has imparted powers to the 'local church' which, if applied, are sufficient to maintain a progressive Christian activity throughout an extended environment." Mr. Seymour is right, and what the Second Church in Bennington, Vt., has done under his leadership might be done and should be done in other cities and country districts. We rather like the phrase, "the obligation of the 'local church' to evangelize its environment."

A New Social Settlement in London In his book on the London poor Mr. Charles Booth startled some by showing that the greatest amount of poverty and suffering in the world's metropolis was not in East London but in South London. Where the congestion of population is so great, and the social and spiritual desolation so evident, comparisons are unnecessary. But South London has not had the attention from the religious and charitably disposed that some other parts of that city have received. In the East

are Toynbee Hall, the Oxford House, and, in our opinion, best and most efficient of all, Mansfield House, of which Mr. Percy Alden is Warden. The latter is almost entirely supported by Congregationalists, although it is not intended to be denominational. What may be called a new settlement on the same general lines has now been started in South London. To be sure, it had existence before, and in it the Rev. T. Herbert Darlow did admirable service, but he was hampered in his work by conditions which have now been removed. The settlement is called Browning House, and the Rev. F. Herbert Stead, M.A., late editor of the "Independent," is to be the Warden. Mr. Stead is a brother of Mr. W. T. Stead, and was formerly a pastor in Leicester. He is one of the most scholarly as well as one of the ablest of the younger Nonconformist ministers of England, and one who has for years carefully studied social problems. He is trusted by the labor leaders, but is a man who thinks and acts for himself. He will be ably assisted in his great work by his most accomplished and charming wife. Mrs. Stead has already made a place for herself in literary and religious circles, and is as well qualified for such a position as her husband. Under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Stead, Browning House is sure to contribute its part toward the solution of the social problems which are so sorely vexing our time. By the way, Mr. Stead is the author of a little book on "The Kingdom of God," which is published by T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, and which is admirably adapted for the use of Bible classes. It is a most valuable study of a very important subject.

The Old Catholic Congress In this country we hear so little of the Old Catholic movement that many of our readers may almost imagine that the Church has ceased to exist; but it is still a great and growing power on the Continent of Europe. Its third International Congress was held at Rotterdam August 28-30. There were present representatives from Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Russia, England, and America. Holland was represented by the Archbishop of Utrecht and the Bishops of Haarlem and Deventer, and by many priests. From Germany and Switzerland there were present Bishops Reinkens and Herzog, with many clergy and laity. Austria was represented by Bishop-elect Cech, and Italy by Count di Campello and two priests. As guests there were six representatives from Russia, two from America, and two from England. The guests had the right of speaking, but not of voting. The sessions each day were opened with a "mass" in the old churches of SS. Peter and Paul and St. Lawrence. It is said that "the special significance of this Congress is that it marks the full adhesion of the old Church of Holland to the Old Catholic movement, and its awakening from its hibernation of nearly two centuries. Since its breach with the Papacy it has stood still, conserving all its traditions and usages with truly Dutch tenacity, and slowly dwindling in numbers; but at last it has been thoroughly awakened, and is beginning to grow again. Already many are beginning to ask for the services in the common tongue, and in a very few years the Dutch Old Catholic Church will, to a certainty, adopt all the leading points of reform that have already been authorized in Germany and Switzerland." Among the more prominent papers was one by the Abbé Michaud on "The Desirableness of a Free Reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches;" one by the Russian General Kiréeff on "The Pope's Encyclical on Unity," which he characterized as misleading and disingenuous. He said that "the Eastern Church would never entertain the idea of unity on the terms of the encyclical," which he declared to be "those of spiritual slavery." The outlook before the Old Catholic Church is encouraging, especially in view of the fact that its younger leaders are among the strongest men in Europe to-day. Those specially mentioned are three Secretaries—Losen, of Munich, Weidel, of Luzern, and Colombijn, of Dordrecht.

—By the will of the late N. P. Coburn, of Newton, Mass., the sum of \$20,000 is left to the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, \$15,000 to the Newton Cottage Hospital, \$10,000 to the library of Colorado College at Colorado Springs, and \$20,000 to the American College and Education Society of Massachusetts.

A Windfall

[Continued from page 507]

Meanwhile old Mick sat with the expression of one rapt away in a soothing reverie, and slowly fingered his dark twist of tobacco, lingering gloatingly over the moist, newly cut end. When Biddy offered to fetch him down his little black pipe, he said, "No, begob; I'll just be keepin' the feel of it in me hand for this night." Which he did.

There were other delights in the basket. A bundle of portly brown-and-white sugar-sticks made some full-grown people secretly wish that they were children too, and left the children themselves for the time being without an unsatisfied wish in the peppermint-scented world. It was on this occasion that a reconciliation between Mrs. M'Gurk and Judy Ryan (who, it may be remembered, had offensively obtruded an offering of potatoes), was cemented—durably, to draw omens from intense adhesiveness—by the number and length of the sticks bestowed upon the youthful Pat Ryans. Then there was a large blue bottle with a red-and-yellow label, which contained a "linyement" warranted to cure the very worst of rheumatics. This was to be divided between Mrs. Quigley and Peter Sheridan, sufferers of many twinges, who would now command, at any rate, the not despised consolation diffused by strong odors of turpentine and camphorated oil. The only pity was that "such powerful-smellin' stuff" should be marked *Poison* so very plainly as to scare any one from trying it "in'ards." And in one parcel was a coarse warm woolen skirt for Stacey, instead of the thin rag in which she had shivered along many a mile that day; while another swelled with the knitting-yarn that Peg Sheridan, who was "lame-futted, and lost widout a bit of work in her hand," had been fretting for time out of mind. But the purchases whence Mrs. M'Gurk herself derived the keenest pleasure were the two dark-purple-papered packets which she left at the Kilfoyles' cabin on her way up to her own; no meager, funnel-shaped wisps screwed up to receive skimpy ounces and quarters, but capacious bags that would stand squarely on end when filled and corded, and that you would not err in describing as one pound of two-and-tuppenny tea, and four of tuppenny-ha'penny soft sugar.

This was, of course, magnificent; still, one might have thought that old Mrs. Kilfoyle's recollections of earlier days, remote though they were, would have prevented her from being so taken aback as to sit with the packages in her lap, remarking nothing more appropriate than, "Musha, then—well to goodness—sure, woman dear—och now, begorrah—why, what at all"—treble-noted incoherencies which were borne down by the gruffer notes of Mrs. M'Gurk, who at the same time was saying, over-earnestly for a mere conventional disclaimer, "Ah now, Mrs. Kilfoyle, honey, don't let there be a word out of your head. Sure it was just to gratify meself I done it, for I'm rael annoyed—divil a lie I'm tellin' you—it's downright annoyed I do be to see the little tay-pot sittin' cocked up there on the shelf, and niver a dhrop to go in it for you this great while back."

"Ay, that's so," said Mrs. Brian, "nary a grain o' tay she's had sin' poor Thady went, that would be bringin' her an odd quarter-poun' when he was after gettin' a job of work anywheres. But these times, what wid this thing and the other—Howane'er it's a grand tays she'll be takin' now entirely," continued Mrs. Brian, who was inwardly calling herself a big stupid gomach for alluding to Thady, "and the goat's milkin' finely yet awhile, so as there'll be a sup o' milk for her. You'll be havin' great tay-drinkin's now, mother, won't you, wid what all Mrs. M'Gurk's after bringin' you?"

But: "The paice of heaven be his sow! rest," Mrs. Kilfoyle said, as if to herself, with an irrelevancy which showed that her daughter-in-law had failed to turn back the current of her thoughts.

"I'm sure it was uncommon friendly of you, ma'am," Mrs. Brian said to Mrs. M'Gurk, with a semi-reproachful emphasis, which was addressed to some one else.

"Deed, and that it was," the little old woman responded, remembering her manners, which she very seldom forgot, and hastening back from—who knows where? "There's nothin' I fancy like me cup o' tay; and you to be thinkin' of that! Why, I'll get Norah here to wet us a drop this mortal instant."

"But, Mrs. M'Gurk—why, musha, Mrs. M'Gurk"—an exciting possibility had just occurred to one of the neighbors who were seeing her home—"what's gone wid your bag of male all this while? Where have you it at all? Glory be to goodness, woman alive, it's not after lavin' it behind you anywheres you are?"

"Set it down out of her hand belike—or Stacey it was, maybe—and it's twinty-seven chances if iver she sees sight or light of it agin."

"Well, well, well, begorrah, to think of that happenin' the crathur!"

"Male is it?" said the widow, with calm. "Sure was it breakin' me own back or the girl's I'd be carryin' a load o' male that far? I could git one of the lads to bring me up a stone handy the next time he's down beyant—That's to say, if I'd make me mind up to be spendin' money on it at all," Mrs. M'Gurk hastened to add, being well aware that thurpence farthin' was at present the amount of her capital; "I've no great opinion of male meself. It's a brash. A good hot pitaty's a dale tastier any day."

When Mrs. M'Gurk finally completed her unpacking in the seclusion of her own cabin, it appeared that she had brought nothing home with her except a penn'orth of salt. The small brown-paper bag did not present an imposing appearance, set solitary on the bare deal table, and she stood looking at it with a somewhat regretful expression for a few moments. She was saying to herself: "If they'd axed an anyways reasonable price for them red wooly wads"—she meant knitted comforters—"hangin' up at Corr's, I might ha' got one for Mrs. Sheridan's Joe. It's starved wid the could the imp of a crathur does be, and she's hard set to keep a stitch to its back. But sivenpence-ha'penny's beyond me altogether."

However, perfect satisfaction is unattainable, and few women have felt more contented, on the whole, with the result of a day's shopping than did Mrs. M'Gurk as she tumbled into the rushes and rags of her curiously constructed lair, where she began to dream of tobacco, and yarn, and alluring bakers' windows in the middle of her first strangely worded *Hail Mary*.

Correspondence

Lynch-Law

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

It is cause of congratulation to all lovers of the good order which marks civilized society that the murderous lynchings which have grown so alarmingly frequent of late are at last arousing the abhorrence of the Anglo-Saxon world.

Most of these occurrences have taken place in the Southern States, and it is claimed that they are limited to the punishment of a certain crime; the victims have in most instances been of the colored race. But such has been the impunity of the perpetrators that a spread of the fatal disease has been inevitable, and cases have occurred outside of the South, outside of the negro population, and upon other charges than the crime referred to.

Defense of lynching for the latter cause is quite common on the part of Southern people, the staple argument being that of A. R. Micou in *The Outlook* for August 25, that white ladies shrink from testifying in court in such cases. The manifest reply to which is that it would be still more odious to utter the same testimony before a murderous mob; and as the victim is usually, from the nature of the crime, the only witness, clearly the judgment of the mob is entered on mere suspicion, without evidence.

The fact that the defendants are usually negroes, and the assertion of Mr. Micou that it "is the fixed and unalterable determination of the people" that lynching shall be administered to a certain class of brutes "so long as hemp can be converted into rope and acorns grow on oaks," show that passion and prejudice rather than reason and necessity are at the bottom of these defiant violations of law. That the innocent are just as likely to be punished as the guilty, and that they have been, cannot possibly admit of a doubt, under these circumstances.

The Governor of Virginia says, in his indignant



letter of the 10th inst., published in the daily press, protesting against English interference, that "every effort has been and will be made to suppress lynching in the South." But is there a single instance on record of one of the thousands of white lynchers having been hung for the murder of a negro? Even Governor O'Ferrall only promises that "lynching will cease when felonious assaults cease."

Does it occur to the advocates of lynching that the lighter complexion of the freed race is not due to the gratified lust of colored men?

It is certain that a submission loyally to law is the safeguard of our civilization, and a determination to take the punishment of any class of criminals out of the law's hands and place it in the hands of a mob is an admission of the barbarism, not of the accused culprit, but of the community which thus refuses to trust her courts of justice.

There is another consideration which ought to have weight in any section, North or South, where lynchings are permitted. These awful murders, often of innocent men, sometimes wholesale, sometimes attended by fiendish atrocities, nearly always, as we have seen, upon persons of uncertain identity, cannot fail distinctly to barbarize a community, even if it were full of tenderness before.

They are unchristianizing, of course; no one can claim that the spirit of Christ is in them. On the contrary, they seem actuated by a spirit so Satanic that the whole Christian Church is warranted in raising a potential voice against them without being charged with intermeddling.

Slavery was sheltered in the States, and the United States Constitution protected it from interference; but lynching is unprotected by Constitution, laws, or the spirit of civilization, and every supporter of these three great authorities is entitled to a voice against this foe to society.

Let it not be supposed that in thus severely condemning mob-law I defend the crime alleged as its sufficient excuse. But the crime, hideous though it be, is not likely to be diminished in frequency by meeting it with another crime equally hideous and more widely demoralizing.

There is no safety outside of law in a community where law exists. The security of this entire country is at stake; in the interest of self-protection it has the right to demand that lynching, like dueling, shall be relegated to the past. It is, indeed, a form of Anarchy, and belongs in the same category, being a negation of law, as Anarchy is a negation of government. Neither can be permitted without sapping the foundations of society, and public opinion should not remain silent while these processes of disintegration remain undisputed.

P. C. G.

Bad English

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

In *The Outlook* of September 15, the Spectator seems to have attempted some "very fine writing" in his criticisms of school prospectuses. He speaks

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rather sharply of the "bad English" found in many of them, and you cite one portion of a prospectus, "a college preparatory school for girls," but fail to point out the "bad English" which may be so clear to you that ordinary minds should see it at once.

Regarding the conventional "bad English" in the letters of the average American women of the educated classes, etc., etc., permit me to say, presuming to be judge, that good English is as often to be found wanting in the letters of English women of the educated class as in those of their American sisters. Please give your readers more light on the subject of "bad English," and very much oblige R.

A little closer reading of the Spectator's remarks would have shown our correspondent that what the Spectator took exception to in the particular instance to which the correspondent refers was not "bad English," but "high-flown platitudes." We certainly hope and believe that the Spectator was not guilty of "very fine writing" in the sense of excessive phrasing and grandiloquence, for that is precisely what he was preaching against. As to our correspondent's second point, it need only be said that the Spectator was talking about some American women, and was not contrasting them with their sisters of England.—THE EDITORS.

Notes and Queries

In Mark x., are verses 29 and 30 to be taken literally? If so, are they true to your experience? Are the men (and women, too, if you please) that have given up all to Christ and his cause the ones that are getting the most of this world's goods? How about the missionaries, preachers, teachers, professors, and, in fact, the thousands that are giving their lives in the service of the Master, and have given up all thought of worldly gain; and yet the promise is that they shall receive in this time an hundredfold houses, lands, etc.? How can it be possible? H. S. H.

The writer remembers hearing a returned missionary, who had found many homes hospitably greeting him as he went in the interest of his work from city to city, quoting this passage as fulfilled in his experience. We are not to suppose that Jesus meant that the self-sacrificing were to become large proprietors, but rather that their enjoyment of the present world, both in their own contentment and in their sympathy with others, would be enhanced far more than by mere proprietorship. For a variant report of his saying, see Luke xviii., 30, and for the general idea see 1 Cor. iii., 22.

Be so kind as to give your opinion of the fifth verse of the third chapter of St. John. What do you think the Saviour means, if not exactly what his words say—what he says? Why should he say "water," if the water is of no importance? L. H. S.

It is incredible that Jesus supports the sacramentarian notion that baptism is essential to salvation. There is reason to think that "born of water" refers to physical birth. Numbers xxiv., 7, has this reference. If so, then here, as often elsewhere, the syntax of the proposition is thrown into the co-ordinate instead of the subordinate construction, *i. e.*, "except one who is born of water be born of the Spirit," etc. Some, however, think that this is one of the instances in the Gospels where the thought of Jesus has received an addition from other sources; *i. e.*, they would regard the words "of water" as interpolated. The course of thought in the whole passage points to the probability of one or the other explanation.

1. I am interested in the deaconess movement in this country. What books will give me more light on the work? I already know Mrs. Meyer's "Deaconesses," and the article on the subject in a recent Outlook.
2. What books tell about Utah and the Mormons? F.

1. Hunt & Eaton (New York) publish two books on the subject, by J. M. Bancroft and H. Wheeler.
2. A readable recent book is Florence A. Merriam's "My Summer in a Mormon Village."

Please inform me if any English edition has yet been published of the Syriac gospels discovered by Mrs. Lewis in the Convent St. Catherine, and if so, by whom, and the price. W. H. W.

Nothing has yet been published but an account of how the discovery was made, including a cursory description of the MSS.

Please inform me if there are any books obtainable on the subject of Christ's exact view of human nature, treating it in a thoroughly psychological and scientific way. F. T.

We do not know of any such. But you would do well to read the Rev. J. B. Heard's "Tripartite Nature of Man."

I cannot forbear earnestly suggesting to "J. G." any or all of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's little prose volumes—"The King's Country" is said to be the best—and her poems—certainly she will find in them vital every-day help. Then for real daily bread, real spiritual food, there is a tiny volume, "My

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Aspirations," by George Matheson, D.D., published in a series called "Heart Chords," "Sunshine in the Soul," compiled by the editor of "Quiet Hours," published by Roberts Brothers, is a little book which cannot fail to attune many a day to harmony. "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," by the same editor, has won the grateful testimony of many hearts. Perhaps, too, "J. G." would be glad to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Hannah Pearsall Smith in "The Christian Secret of a Happy Life." J. W. K.

"W. H. R." asks for the poem containing these lines:

"To such extent had his fond dotage run
That God, to save the father, took the son."

The lines are in "The Hermit," by Parnell. The only place I find this old poem, in my library, is in "The Wreath," an old collection published 1824. M. H. V.

Can any of your readers tell me where I can find a piece of poetry, "Ridwald, King of Kent"? I thought it was written by "H. H.," but cannot find it among her poems. It commences:

"When Siwald lived in Britain,
And Ridwald lived in Kent,
The news of Christ's religion
All through the country went."

I would like the remaining verses.

J. M. T.

Wordsworth wrote the extract quoted by Phillips Brooks, and whose origin is asked by "A. E. W." The preceding lines are equally fine.

K. U. C.

Where can I find a poem containing the line:

"And Nature, the old nurse, took the child upon her knee—?"

W. P. W.

Books Received

ALLYN & BACON, BOSTON
Rolfe, John C. The Lives of Cornelius Nepos.
Rollins, George W. Preparatory French Reader.
AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Metcalf, Robert C., and Thomas Metcalf. English Grammar for Common Schools. 60 cts.
Storer, F. H., and W. B. Lindsay. An Elementary Manual of Chemistry. \$1.20.
WILMER ATKINSON CO., PHILADELPHIA
Biggle, Judge Jacob. Biggle Horse-Book. 50 cts.
A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK
Smith, George Adam, D.D. The Historical Geography of the Holy Land. \$6.
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK
Pierion, Arthur T. The New Acts of the Apostles. \$1.50.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Bennett, Charles E. The Dialogues of Tacitus. 80 cts.

Van Daell, Alphonse N. Extraits Choisis des Œuvres de Paul Bourget. 80 cts.
Perrin, B. Holmer's Odyssey. Books V.-VIII. \$1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Earle, Alice Morse. Diary of Anna Green Winslow, a Boston School-Girl of 1771. \$1.25.
Thayer, William R. Poems New and Old. \$1.

E. L. KELLOGG & CO., NEW YORK
Parker, Francis W. Talks on Pedagogics. \$1.50.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO
Bech-Meyer, Nico. A Story from Pullmantown. 25 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Curzon, Hon. George N. Problems of the Far East: Japan, Korea, China. \$6.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. The Surgeon's Daughter and Castle Dangerous. \$1.25.
The Temple Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice and Midsummer Night's Dream. 45 cts. each.

Fielde, Adele M. A Corner of Cathay: Studies from Life Among the Chinese. \$3.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, CHICAGO
Savage, Richard Henry. The Flying Halcyon. 50 cts.

PORTER & COATES, PHILADELPHIA
Ellis, Edward S. The Great Cattle-Trail.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Green, Anna Katharine. Miss Hurd: An Enigma. 50 cts.

Rita. A Husband of No Importance. 50 cts.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO., NEW YORK
Murray, Rev. Andrew. Why Do You Not Believe? 75 cts.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON
Bourget, Paul. A Saint. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. \$1.

Raymond, Evelyn. The Little Lady of the Horse. \$1.50.

Smith, Mary P. W. Jolly Good Times To-day. \$1.25.

Eckstein, Ernst. A Monk of the Aventine. Translated by Helen Hunt Johnson. \$1.

Molière. The Misanthrope. Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Tartuffe. Les Précieuses Ridicules. George Dandin. 2 Vols. \$3.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Whymper, Edward. Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator. \$4.

Shedd, William G. T., D.D. Dogmatic Theology. Vol. III. \$4.

Greely, Adolphus W. Three Years of Arctic Service. \$5.

Ladd, George T. Primer of Psychology. \$1.
Thorndike, Rachel Sherman. The Sherman Letters: Correspondence between General and Senator Sherman, from 1837 to 1891. \$3.

THE WEALTH-MAKERS PUBLISHING CO., LINCOLN, NEB.

Gibson, George Howard. Armageddon: Songs. 35 cts.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Yonge, Charlotte M. The Cook and the Captive. \$1.25.

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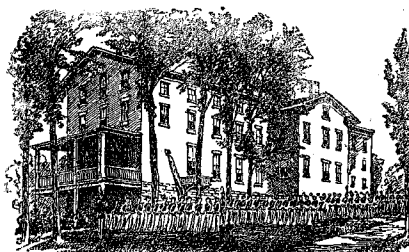
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The Business World

Income (?) Bonds The saying that income bonds pay no income seems to be verified by an investigation recently made by the "Wall Street Daily News." The par value of these "securities" still in existence amounts to nearly \$300,000,000. The list of the principal issues includes:

Atlantic and Pacific.
Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern.
Chicago and Erie.
Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic.
Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio, West Div.
Georgia Pacific.
Green Bay, Winona, and St. Paul.
International and Great Northern.
Mexican Central 1st consol.
Mexican Central 2d consol.
Mexican National 2d series A.
Mexican National 2d series B.
Mexican National 3d debentures.
Missouri, Kansas, and Texas 2d.
New York, Penn., and Ohio 2d.
New York, Penn., and Ohio 3d.
New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk.
New York and Rockaway Beach.
Peoria and Eastern 2d consol.
Philadelphia, Reading, and New England.
Port Royal and Augusta.
Richmond and Danville debentures.
St. Joseph and Grand Island 2d.
St. Louis, Alton, and Terre Haute 2d.
St. Louis, Alton, and Terre Haute dividend bonds.
Chicago, St. Louis, and Paducah 2d.
St. Louis Southwestern 2d.
Savannah, Florida, and West, Brunswick and Western incomes.
South Carolina incomes.
Staten Island Rapid Transit.
Texas and Pacific 2d.
Wabash debentures, series A.
Wabash debentures, series B.
Western New York and Penn. 2d debentures.
Western New York and Penn. income scrip.
Wisconsin Central incomes.

On the greater part of these bonds no interest has ever been paid. Indeed, with the exception of the Mexican issues, out of this three hundred millions only about eleven millions of income bonds have ever paid their holders any income, and even those have paid but little. The name of this class of bonds seems to be slightly infelicitous.

New York's Industrial Advance In 1880 there were but 11,339 industrial establishments in New York City; in 1890 there were 25,399. In 1880 the capital invested was \$181,206,356, and in 1890 it had become \$420,238,602. The persons employed numbered 227,352 in 1880, and the wages paid was \$97,030,021, while in 1890 there were 351,757 persons employed, who were paid \$228,537,295. These statistics are eloquent as to the industrial increase of the American metropolis.

Wages in the Building Trades At the last Convention in Boston of the National Association of Builders the question of wages and hours of labor was substantially established as follows:

Masons, 8 hours, 50 cents per hour; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Carpenters, 8 hours, \$3.50 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Plumbers, 8 hours, \$3.75 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Plasterers, 8 hours, \$4 per day; double rates for Sunday and overtime; no work allowed on holidays.
Painters, 8 hours, \$3.50 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Decorators and Frescoers, 8 hours, and from \$4 to \$6 per day, according to their artistic ability; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Roofers, 8 hours, \$3.50 per day for outside and \$3 for inside; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Iron Work, 9 hours, \$3.50 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Cabinet Work, 9 hours, \$3 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Tile, Grates, and Mantels, 8 hours, \$4 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Stair-Builders, 8 hours, \$3.50 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Bluestone-Cutters, 8 hours, \$4 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Granite-Cutters, 8 hours, \$4 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Freestone-Cutters, 8 hours, \$4.50 per day; no Sunday, holiday, or overtime work allowed.
Marble-Workers, 8 hours, \$4 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Electricians, 9 hours, \$3 per day; 1½ times rate for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Sash and Blinds, 9 hours, \$3.25 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Steamheaters, 8 hours, \$3.50 and \$4 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.
Lathers, 8 hours, \$4 per day; double rates for Sunday, holidays, and overtime.

Laborers are paid from \$2.25 to \$2.75, according to the skill required, for the same

number of hours' work as the journeyman, while common unskilled men are easily had for \$1.50 per day of eight hours' work.

The Cottonseed Oil Industry During the last decade the cottonseed oil industry has grown enormously in our Southern States, and farmers get \$18,000,000 annually for a product which not long since was regarded as waste material. From forty cottonseed mills, with a capital of \$3,500,000 in 1880, there are now 300 mills, and the capital is close upon \$30,000,000. The total output includes 1,500,000 barrels of oil and 500,000 tons of cottonseed meal. The aggregate value is about \$30,000,000.

Russia is the great furnisher of raw flax to Great Britain, and, while the quantity of Russian flax produced is the largest of any country, the culture of the crop receives less attention there than elsewhere. Germany, Austria, and France are also producers, but it is only in the Low Countries that one sees flax in the highest state of cultivation.

The English Postal Savings Banks As is well known, the postal savings system is the most popular form of investment in England. All accounts are kept in the London central office, and only after sending notice there may money be withdrawn. Yet so perfect are the new arrangements for telegraphing drafts that depositors in the neighborhood of London can collect their money at the branch post-office within forty minutes, or in the most distant parts of the land within an hour, after making their demand.

Financial Conditions in India The usual weekly offerings of the India Council of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers have brought lately 27 to 28 cents per rupee. Silver is not selling freely there, however, it being hoarded by those who believe that the Chino-Japanese war must still further augment the price of the white metal. Shipments of gold to Europe have been declining, but should exchange fall the best judges aver that they will probably increase again. These recent shipments have been attracting much attention, as hitherto India has imported gold instead, and that at the rate of \$20,000,000 a year. The effect on Anglo-Indian exchange of the new order of things has been good, and a demand for bills has been created. This, of course, has enabled the Council to increase the sale of drafts and transfers. The recent Indian loan was subscribed for twice over, and was all placed at from a fraction under par to 102.

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Bits of Fun

Lieutenant (admiring his image in the mirror)—And yet they call women the fair sex!—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Merchant (to portrait-painter)—How much will you charge to paint my portrait if I furnish the paint?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mrs. A.—At our hotel there were so many people to talk with! Mrs. B.—And at ours there were so many people to talk about!—*Boston Transcript*.

"There's one good thing to be said about Thopkins. He is perfectly truthful." "Of course he is. He is too stingy to make an extravagant statement."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"The color line should be abolished," as the newspaper man remarked when he saw his copy after the blue-pencil editor had got in his work.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Mancherjee Marvanjee Bhowmuggree, the Parsee who is about to seek Parliamentary honors of an English constituency as a Unionist, is well known in London. He ought to win with e's.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Student—How would you advise me to go about collecting a library? Professor—Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and lent them. Now I borrow books and keep them.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Friend—You still employ Dr. Hardhead, I see. Mrs. De Style—He's just lovely! My husband and I both like him. When we are ailing he always recommends old port for my husband and Newport for me.—*New Haven Palladium*.

"The Senator who has just sat down," whispered the guide in the visitors' gallery, "began his public career as a page." "Indeed!" said the visitor. "I judge from his speech that he has developed into a volume."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A small boy surprised his teacher at one of the grammar-schools by asking her how far a procession of the Presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. On her expressing her ignorance, he calmly announced, "From Washington to Cleveland."—*Christian Register*.

Here is a story of a schoolmaster who promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that he could not answer. One and another tried, and at last a boy asked, "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?" The master puzzled his wits in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. "Why," said the boy, "it's because I'm waiting for the crown."—*Tit-Bits*.

Professor of Journalism—If you were called upon to report a dog-fight, what would be your governing consideration? Class—To increase the sporting circulation without driving away the religious readers. Professor—How is this to be accomplished? Class—By deploring the brutality of the exhibition and then describing it. Professor—What destroys barns? Class—The fire fiend. Professor—What did the scene do? Class—Beggared description. Professor—That will do for to-day. To-morrow you may prepare yourselves for examination on baffling investigation.—*Boston Transcript*.

A well-known Detroitier stood at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson Avenues yesterday waiting for a car, and a seedy-looking individual approached him. "Excuse me," said Seedy, "but will you be kind enough to tell me what time it is?" The gentleman consulted his watch. "It's quarter after one," he replied. The seedy one coughed. "Do you know, sir," he said, "the difference between the time and me?" "Give it up," replied the gentleman. "Would you like to know, sir?" "Yes." "Well, sir, the time is a quarter after one, and I am one after a quarter." "Thanks," responded the gentleman, handing it to him with a bow.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A writer in the "Contemporary Review" on the policy of the Pope tells a good story to illustrate the Bible erudition of the Roman clergy in France. Here it is: "A parish priest whose Scriptural lore was considerably above the average was required by the local

authorities to have the street before his church paved, and to see that in future a portion of the pavement was kept in repair. He refused. The authorities insisted, and pointed to the example of other house proprietors; but the reverend gentleman indignantly answered that it was against his conscience to do as they had done, because prohibited by the Bible, and in proof of this amazing assertion he triumphantly quoted the text of Scripture: "Paveant illi, ego non pavebo;" whereupon the city fathers slunk to their homes, sorrowful but convinced." The paronym makes the Latin verb bear the same meaning as the French verb "paver," "to pave." Our readers may not need to be told that the text, being translated, reads: "Let others fear, I shall not fear."—*Boston Transcript*.

Woman's Opinion

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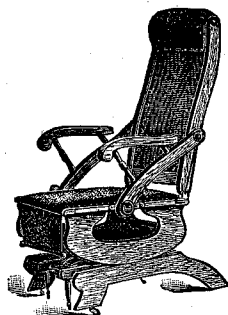
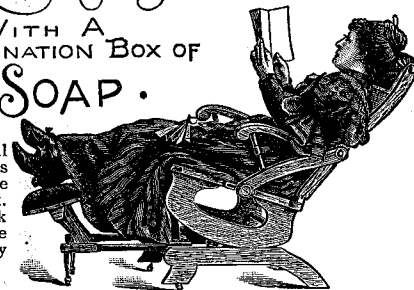
They turn Green

at the ball and heel—even some of the best black stockings. Wash them with Pearlline, and you'll have the black color restored. Does that look as though Pearlline would "injure the clothes?"

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CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE FABRIC	PRESERVES THE TEETH, HARDENS THE GUMS, SWEETENS THE BREATH
(SIMPLE - EASY - EFFICIENT)	1 PKT SPANISH ROSE SACHET POWDER, .25
1/4 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP, .60	1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP, .10
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WASTE RULES."
USE

SAPOLIO

The Outlook

A Family Paper

New Series of The Christian Union

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About People

—Alois Burgstaller, the tenor singer at Bayreuth, was a woodchopper in Bavaria, at 23 cents a day, when Frau Wagner discovered him last spring.

—The Rev. Dr. Robert Selkirk Scott, Secretary of the United Presbyterian Church in England, who has just died, was a favorite pupil of Sir William Hamilton, the metaphysician, and acted for some time as his substitute in the University of Edinburgh.

—Apropos of the eightieth birthday of Professor Ernst Curtius, a Berlin paper states that the eminent Greek historian and scholar has among the documents of his school-boy days one in which he is censured for being rather backward in his Greek.

—In speaking of the vigor of Dr. O. W. Holmes at eighty-five, "Harper's Weekly" says: "If he is not the leading old man in America, it would be hard to know where to look for the incumbent of that part, unless, indeed, it be assigned to Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. Dr. Furness is much more venerable than Dr. Holmes, and about equally jocund and lively."

—Alpine climbing and traveling in Switzerland have been attended with several disasters this year. An English clergyman named Davidson, and his daughter, mounting to St. Luc on mules, were surprised by the falling of rocks. Miss Davidson was killed. A young abbé of Lugano, named Elie Large, ascending Mount San Salvatore, fell over a precipice and was killed. Carlo Adolfo Meyer, of the Austrian Alpine Club, attempting the Weisssther Pass, fell a distance of 1,500 feet on to a glacier, where his dead body was afterwards found.

—The Rev. Father Moyse Jozeau was one of the first victims of the massacre which recently took place in Korea. He was born at La Boissière, France, in 1866, and made all his studies in the little and great seminaries—the priest schools—of the diocese. Already at that time he was enthusiastic in regard to those who died for the faith. He left for Korea, and was one of twenty-three European missionaries of that country, where there are not yet any native priests, and which counts fourteen churches and thirty-eight schools or orphan asylums. The Catholic population in Korea numbered last year 22,419 individuals; in 1893 baptism was conferred upon 1,724 adults and 3,000 children.

—The Baltimore "News" urges renewed efforts in raising money for a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." "The promoters of the enterprise," it says, "propose to erect in Patterson Park a tall shaft to the memory of the poet who gave to the United States its National anthem. The monument would overlook the Patapsco and Fort McHenry, the scene of the stirring events of the month of

September, 1814, as well as the battle-field of Patapsco Neck, which has, somewhat strangely, gone into history as the battle of North Point, and would stand upon the very ground where the defenders of the city threw up breastworks on what was then known as Loudenslager's Hill to repel the invaders. The monument would silently teach its patriotic lesson to every person who approaches Baltimore over the two great railroad lines—the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania—as well as to all who come to the city on craft from the Chesapeake Bay."

Florence Nightingale

Florence Nightingale, who is now seventy-four years of age, is said to be in very poor health. She lives in a quiet spot in the west of London, but even her neighbors do not know her. To an American who recently visited her she expressed her thanks for the many kind letters that she is constantly receiving from America, and she mentioned especially the testimonial presented to her by the American Government in return for her advice with regard to improving our hospital service at the time of the civil war. She has a similar testimonial from France, and has tributes from individuals all over the world. Her rooms are fairly filled with pictures, books, medals, and bits of bric-à-brac that have been presented to her from time to time. "I am constantly being remembered by kind friends who are personally unknown to me, but whose kindness touches me more than I can say. I wish you would thank my American friends for their kind words that are constantly coming to me. If I have done good in my life, I am being fully rewarded now. What gratifies me above all is that all my hopes have been fulfilled. But it still horrifies me when I think of how our men were treated when they were ill or wounded at the time of the Crimean war. To-day, what with improved hospital service, with trained nurses, with such organizations as the Red Cross and others, our system is well-nigh perfect."

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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

A WINTER IN BERLIN.—A lady and her daughter, much experienced in foreign travel, will take a small party of ladies to Berlin for six months. Special advantages for study. Price, \$700.00, including German lessons and traveling expenses. References exchanged. Address No. 7,311, care The Outlook.

GOVERNESS OR SECRETARY.—A lady, experienced and well recommended, desires position as governess or secretary in family wintering in Adirondacks, Lakewood, Morristown, or similar place. Salary secondary consideration. Address Miss PARSONS, 570 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A YOUNG, EDUCATED NEW ENGLAND WOMAN wishes the charge of a motherless child. Unexceptionable testimonials as to conscientiousness, experience, and success in the training and instruction of children. Address No. 7,279, care of The Outlook.

A STENOGRAPHER AND TYPEWRITER of twenty years' experience, recently private secretary to Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, Elmira, N. Y., to whom she refers, desires position; understands proof-reading. Address Miss A. E. S., No. 7,315, care The Outlook.

A NORTHERN LADY, a clergyman's widow, residing in Florida, will take into her care a motherless child for the winter. Location healthful; fresh fruits and vegetables. Physical exercises by an experienced teacher. Rides. References. No. 7,328, care The Outlook.

PIANO ACCOMPANIST FOR VOICE OR VIOLIN.—A young lady with good knowledge of music desires morning or afternoon engagements to play accompaniments for ladies in New York or Brooklyn. Address ACCOMPANIST, No. 7,309, care The Outlook.

WANTED—A woman to do most of the work for a family of four persons. Place quiet and healthful, and the right person will find a good home and steady employment. Address Rev. A. HIBBARD, Goshen, Conn.

A LADY, well educated, desires to employ several hours per day in giving instruction in Spanish (reading and conversation), New York City and Brooklyn. Address Mrs. F. D., No. 7,326, care The Outlook.

A LADY with practical knowledge of housekeeping would like position as housekeeper, companion, or matron. No objection to country. Best of references. Address E., No. 7,336, care The Outlook.

WILL RENT to desirable family, for winter, furnished house; 9 rooms; furnace; stable for 4 horses; 1 mile from station, 42 miles from New York. Rent, \$200. H. B., Box 200, New Canaan, Conn.

BARNARD STUDENT desires position in school as governess, or tutor in Latin and English branches. Address INSTRUCTOR, No. 7,307, care The Outlook.

QUITE REMUNERATIVE WORK is open to a lady of quick perception and social tact. Address G. S. HULBERT, 47 E. 10th St., New York.

Mr. Childs and His Printers

Several months after the death of Mr. George W. Childs, the Typographical Union held a memorial service in Philadelphia for him. Delegates were present from many sections of the country. It was noteworthy because it was a voluntary tribute of respect from the employed to an employer who was in his grave, and who could no longer aid them.

One anecdote which was told at this conference contains an answer to the problem which employers and employed are now trying to solve.

At one time, difficulties and depression in the publishing business resulted in a voluntary reduction of rates by the Typesetters' Union in Pennsylvania. The head of the association waited upon Mr. Childs, and stated that its members had resolved to lower the price to so much per thousand ems.

"It will be," he said, "hard on us and on our families. But we see how depressed the publishing business is. We want to do the right thing."

"I am now, I believe, paying five cents per thousand ems more than the price you have agreed upon?" said the publisher.

"Yes."

"I am making a reasonable profit with that. I shall continue to pay it. I, too, want to do the right thing," he said.

He continued to pay it, at an annual cost of twelve thousand dollars.

When other publishers remonstrated with him, he said, "The work is worth the amount paid. I still make a reasonable profit."

—A monument erected to Lincoln in Edinburgh, Scotland, is the only memorial of the kind on foreign soil.

What chimney to use for your burner or lamp?

The "Index to Chimneys" tells.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, for it.

No burner or lamp burns well with wrong-shape chimneys.

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

Annual Meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, October 10-13, 1894

The Eighty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Board will be held at Madison, Wis., beginning on Wednesday, October 10, at 3 P.M.

Arrangements have been made with the hotels to receive guests at special rates, from \$1.50 to \$2, and in boarding-houses and private families at \$1 per day. All who desire to avail themselves of the above rates should notify Edwin Sumner, Chairman of Committee on Hospitality.

By arrangements with the Passenger Associations, persons attending the Annual Meeting of the Board who pay full fare in going will be returned at one-third fare, provided a receipt is taken of the agent at the starting-point where the ticket is purchased, and presented to the Railroad Secretary at Madison for his signature. If more than one road is used in going, a receipt must be taken for each ticket purchased. This certificate is essential in order to secure reduced rate on return. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to date of meeting for going, and two days after date of closing for returning, Sunday not being counted as one day.

For rates and routes from Chicago to Madison information may be obtained of the Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, 151 Washington Street, Chicago.

From Boston and vicinity arrangements have been made whereby tickets may be purchased of Charles E. Swett, Business Agent of the Board, at the following rates to Madison and return:

	One and one-third fare.	Clerical tickets.
From Boston.....	\$34.55	\$28.50
So. Framingham.....	33.00	28.50
Worcester.....	33.00	28.15
Palmer.....	32.20	27.00
Springfield.....	31.00	27.00
Westfield.....	31.00	27.00
Pittsfield.....	31.40	26.30

Berth in sleeping-car, \$5.50 additional. These tickets may be used on all trains except the two o'clock limited, commencing October 6, good to return until October 18.

Arrangements are making to secure a party to leave Boston, Monday morning, October 8, at 10:30. Choice of berths in sleeping-cars may be secured by early application. Further information may be obtained by application to C. E. Swett, 1 Somerset Street, Boston.



What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others."

The above letter from the late eminent preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, is one of thousands of testimonials to the wonderful curative properties of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, which not only cures Consumption, but gives instant and permanent relief in cases of Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Influenza, and all Chest Afflictions.

For years I have been entreated to make my remedy known in the United States, but my time has been too much absorbed by my European patients to allow this. Now, however, I have been able to extend my organization so as to bring America within the scope of my personal observation, and my desire is to make it clear to all inhabitants of the United States that they may henceforth procure from my American depot a **Cure for Consumption** which, even in the advanced stages of that most terrible disease, may be used with certainty of relief.

It acts like a charm in ordinary cases of Cough, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Chills, etc., and should be kept in every home.

If you Value your Life

Or the Lives of those nearest and dearest to you,

Read!

DEAR MR. CONGREVE.—As a rule, I have no faith in advertised remedies, but it must now be some twenty-five years since first I saw in the person of one of my students the effects of your Balsamic Elixir. He seemed at death's door, but he lives now, a strong, hearty man. Since then I have seen in many, very many instances, the most happy results following your medicine. I do not go by hearsay, but I testify to what I have seen with my own eyes. I believe that you have saved numbers from Consumption. I have friends with coughs and weak lungs, who speak of your medicine with sincere gratitude. Personally I find it most useful in the case of wearing cough. Very reluctantly do I give testimonials for publication; but I send you this as your due. What I have seen of God's healing power through you, demands of me that I speak for the good of others. I have those around me whose health I value, and they are living witnesses that yours is a very beneficial preparation.—Yours heartily,

Spurgeon.

"Westwood," Beulah Hill, England.

Every person suffering from Chest Disease, and all of weak lungs and delicate habit, should read my book on Consumption of the Lungs and Decline, and its successful treatment, showing that formidable disease to be curable in all its stages, with observations on Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; together with accounts of nearly 400 successfully cured cases, any one of which may be like yours, to be had post free for 25 cts., or the book will be sent free with every first order of \$1.00 bottle of my **BALSAMIC ELIXIR**.

Congreve's Balsamic Elixir can be obtained from many drug-stores, but it will take some time before it will be introduced into all of them throughout this vast country. If your druggist has not yet put it in stock, it will be sent you, carriage paid, from my own depot, on receipt of \$1.00, \$1.75, \$4.75, or \$7.00, according to the size of the bottle ordered.

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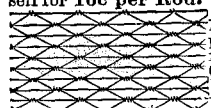
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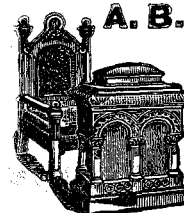
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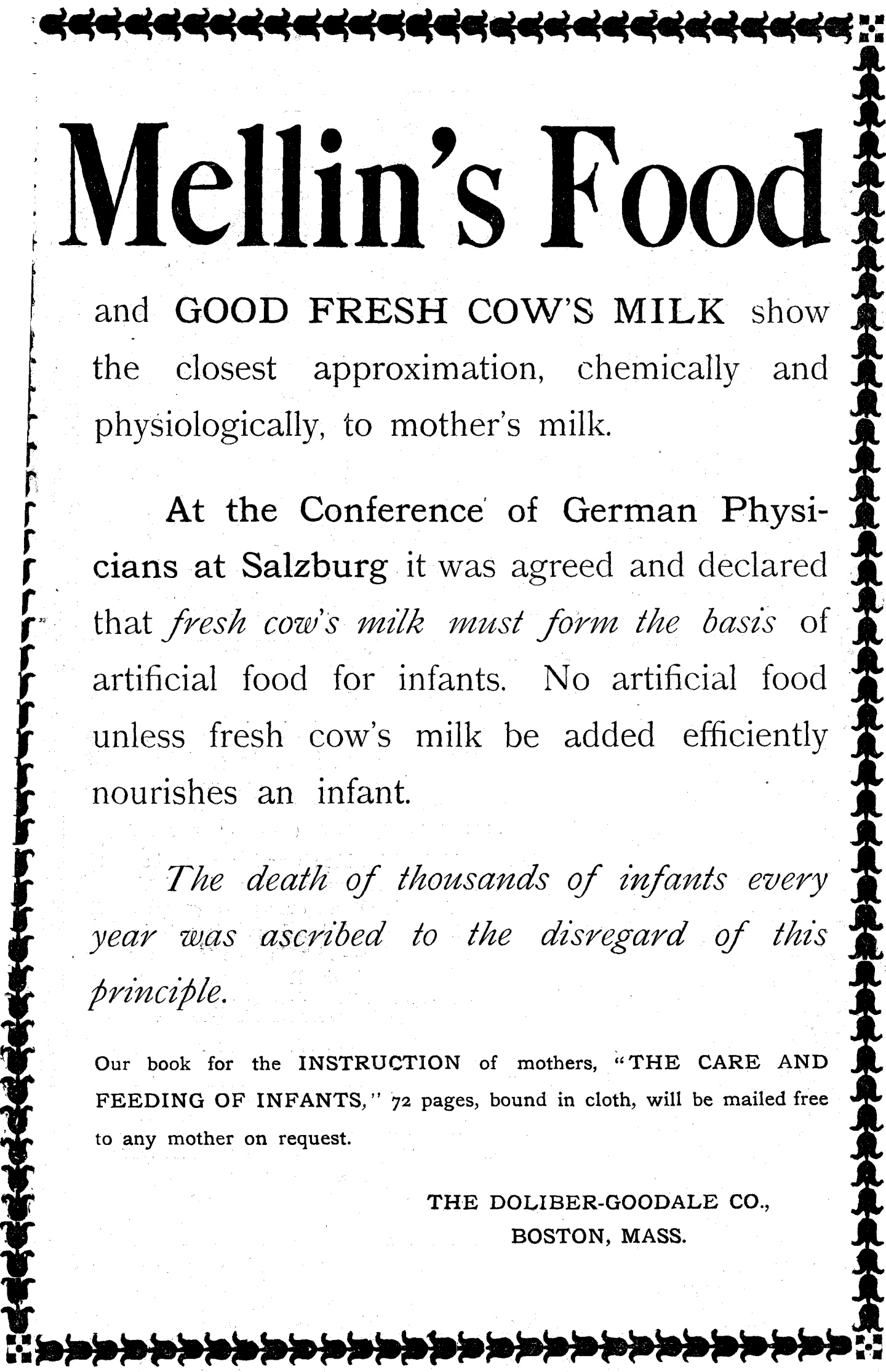
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